

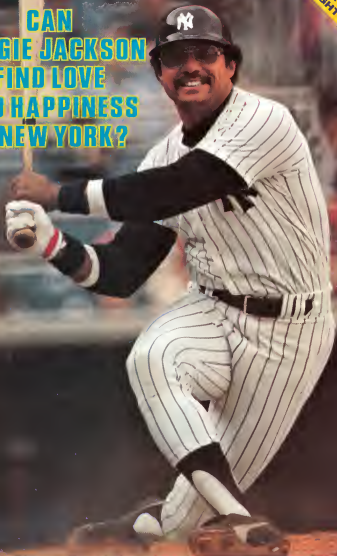
Sports Illustrated

MAY 2, 1977

ONE DOLLAR

**CAN
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**BOXING'S LATEST MESS
WHY THE TV FIGHTS WERE KO'D**



New low-tar with that Tareyton plus:

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Plain white filters remove taste. Tareyton's charcoal filter actually improves flavor. That's why Tareyton goes low-tar one better.

Only 8 mg.

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Also Tareyton Filter Kings and 100's

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Lights 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
King Size 9.6 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100 mm 16 mg. "tar",
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"Us Tareyton smokers would
rather fight than switch."





Overwork Poor diet Both ends of the vitamin candle

When your body responds to the stress of overwork it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in.

Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat: fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of overwork, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C may be indicated.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600

High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins. When the diet is inadequate, STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid a vitamin deficiency by replacing the B and C vitamins lost during stress conditions such as overwork and poor diet. STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy above-normal needs for these vitamins by providing above-normal amounts: 600 mg. of vitamin C plus a high potency formula of the B-complex vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains vitamin E. Also available: STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600. Ask your doctor or pharmacist about this different brand of vitamin. Available at your drug store in bottles of 30 or 60 tablets. STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid overwork, but it can help you maintain the good nutritional balance you need to keep going.

"I hate to wait...
and love to save."

David Niven
DAVID NIVEN



Big May Sale

(Sale ends May 31st.)

Save up to 96% of the fee on
First National City Travelers Checks.

See how much you save.

Amount of Travelers Checks	Usual Fee	May Fee	YOU SAVE
\$6,000	\$50.00	\$2.00	96%
2,500	25.00	2.00	92%
1,000	10.00	2.00	80%
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Offer good only at U.S. and Puerto Rico—and ends May 31, 1977

During May buy up to \$5,000 worth of First National City Travelers Checks for only a \$2 fee. Use them whenever you travel.

And if they're lost or stolen you won't have to wait for a refund. Because First National City Travelers Checks can

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First National City Travelers Checks

45,000 on-the-spot refund locations



Weatherproof now.



Save gas next winter.

Most of us have never seen a winter as bad as the one we just went through. Record cold put unprecedented demand on gas supplies. Even though America's gas companies delivered more natural gas than ever before, in some areas schools and factories had to close. So take steps now that will save gas next winter.

Insulate your attic.

Use six or more inches of insulation on your attic floor, so you

won't lose heat through the roof. It can save you up to 30% on gas consumption, depending on where you live. (Insulation keeps your home cooler in summer, too.)

Use storm windows.

Do all you can ahead of time so your home will be weathertight when fall arrives. Be ready with storm windows if they're needed in your area. Use weatherstripping and caulking, too. Once it's cold enough to use your heating

system, check inside for ways to save heat. Keep the heating outlets clear. Close the flue when the fireplace isn't in use. Close drapes at night to keep out the cold. And of course, lower your thermostat.

You'll help save jobs.

The gas you save can go to schools and factories next winter, and help keep workers on the job in areas of short supply. Also, wasted gas costs you money.

AGA American Gas Association 

WHY SMITH-CORONA IS AMERICA'S BEST SELLING PORTABLE.

There are 15 brands of portable typewriters on the market.

But this year, like the last 10 years, more people will buy a Smith-Corona than any other brand.

Here are just five among many important reasons why:



THE TYPEWRITER WITH A HOLE

When we designed our cartridge, we re-designed our typewriters.

In place of spool caps, posts, reversing levers, ribbon guides and messy ribbons, there's a hole.

The hole is for our cartridges.

Next to the hole is a lever. Depress the lever and the cartridge pops out.

In three seconds, just by inserting a new cartridge, you can change a ribbon without getting your fingers dirty.

mistakr
mistak
mistake

CORRECTS MISTAKES IN 10 SECONDS

The hole also accommodates a correcting cartridge.

So when you make a mistake, you can snap out the typing cartridge, snap in the correcting cartridge, type over the mistake, snap the typing cartridge back in and type the correct character—all in ten seconds or less.



FIVE COLORS

Cartridges come in black, red, blue, green, and brown.

If you're typing along in black, but you want to type a line in red for emphasis, snap out the black cartridge and snap in the red cartridge. In just three seconds you can see red!

NYLON FILM

EXECUTIVE LOOKING CORRESPONDENCE

The Smith-Corona electric portable with a film ribbon will give you the sharpest typing image of any portable.

When you want to type a letter that looks like an executive's, snap in the black film cartridge

and type with real authority.

The black nylon is not quite so authoritative but is more economical. One cartridge lets you type about 325,000 characters.



FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE AND BEYOND

We could make some remarkable statements about how we test out typewriters. But that's not necessary.

Most typewriter retailers have typewriters on display. Type a few sentences on a Smith-Corona. Snap a cartridge in and out. Smith-Corona looks and feels sturdy because it is sturdy.

So, for your high school graduate, we suggest you follow this simple formula:

Buy a doctor a Smith-Corona when he or she graduates from high school.

Buy a lawyer a Smith-Corona when he or she graduates from high school.

Buy a successful businessperson a Smith-Corona when he or she graduates from high school.



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into Wigwams & OUT OF DOORS

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Last week's article on Rach Buhke and his collection of 876 major league baseballs set us to wondering what sort of memorabilia our own staff has been squirreling away over the years. The survey we conducted didn't turn up 876 of anything, but there was some pretty good stuff. For example:

A long-haired Chihuahua bred by Emperor Haile Selassie, which became a gift to Virginia Kraft.

Handful of Woodbine racetrack, given to Demmie Stathopoulos after Secretariat ran his last race on it.

Australian Ralph Doubell's running shirt, "in which he may or may not have won the gold medal in the 800 meters in the 1968 Olympics"—Anita Verschoth.

Silk scarf given by Enzo Ferrari to Kenneth Rudeen for his wife Anne.

Cartridge cases from bullets, fired by Hurricane Jackson and Ernest Hemingway, that just missed Coles Phinixy.

"About a ton" of bricks from the old Yankee Stadium, forced upon Ray Kennedy, a Yankee-hater.

Tennis ball signed by Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs, a letter from a dog and a photograph of himself dressed as a lobster—Curry Kirkpatrick.

The forearms of one of Don Drysdale's undershirts, and second base from the Polo Grounds—Robert Creamer.

Jack Nicklaus' U.S. Open sun visor (1967) and the stick Bobby Orr used when he became the first defenseman to score 30 goals—Mark Mulvey.

One roller-derby suit and a Harlem Globetrotter uniform, which look snappy on Frank Deford.

One Japanese sumo wrestling schedule, handsomely framed and hung in Jerry Cooke's bathroom—upside down, as he was finally informed.

Two broken Stan Musial bats and one straw University of Texas Longhorn, circa 1963, the latter a gift from new writer Dan Jenkins—Roy Terrell.

Scrapbooks, compiled by her mother, on all Red Sox games from 1940-43 plus an autographed picture of Joe Cronin—Melissa Ludtke.

Hockey puck, given away on Hockey Puck Night, by the Cincinnati Royals—Peter Carry.

A bunch of 1964 World Series tickets. Phillies World Series tickets—William Leggett.

Two T-shirts, one from the 1972 Olympics, saying, ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD, and the other, FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFLY, STING LIKE A BEE original, with the fuzzy red letters—Gilbert Rogin.

Finally, there are the lost souvenirs: Barbara La Fontaine's gold cat pin, the one Sonny Liston gave her when he bought a pin for his wife Geraldine and didn't want Barbara "to feel left out," stolen years later in New York. And the beer stein on Mike DeNagro's rug, "roughly the size of a squash racquet," the result of Ralph Kiner's dropping a can of Budweiser the night he was inducted into the Hall of Fame. "When I married Mary, she had the super throw away the rug while I was in Houston," says DeNagro. And for years Jerry Tax has recalled having had a watch that once belonged to Kid Gavilan, but when he checked out the dates he realized it could not have been Gavilan's, and can't remember whose it was. Now that's losing something.

"In a boomerang contest on Washington, D.C.'s Mall," says Jeannette Bruce, "I once won a genuine stuffed koala bear for being the only person to be hit a total of five times by descending boomerangs. When I boarded the shuttle back to New York, there was a very tight security check. The reason was that Senator Ted Kennedy was going to be on the flight. From my capacious handbag I withdrew a knife, a plane, a screwdriver and a mishapen piece of wood—a boomerang in its initial stages. The security people let me keep everything, since I suppose I looked harmless. Senator Kennedy sat next to me. He was carrying a loaf of Italian bread and a hunk of cheese."

Sack me up

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Shopwalk

By LOWELL CORN

NOW YOU CAN BE THE FIRST PERSON ON YOUR BLOCK TO ICE-SKATE ON WHEELS

It's the Hans Brinker obsession, the irresistible urge to put on a pair of skates and glide silently across the crystalline ice while your breath forms clouds in the frosty air, the need to cut figure eights while a healthy red glow spreads across your cheeks. Only it's 95° outside and the lake, which freezes over every November, has been bone dry for two months. It looks like a burial ground for old inner tubes. Your last resort, the local Ice Palace, which you discover is closed to the public unless, of course, you want to count the Middle Eastern folk-dancing class that has squatter's rights until next winter. Of all the winter sports that melt away with the snow, ice skating has always been at the top of my list.

But that was before Ralph Smith of Los Angeles got cracking. In 1967, while he was doing classified antibiowarfare-warfare research in Southern California, Smith got to thinking about inventing an ice skate that wouldn't require ice, and before long iceless skates, later to be called BiSkates, had become his passion. Finally, in 1972, he quit his job and started dreaming up ways to substitute wheels for blades. (This wasn't the first time Smith had acted so impulsively. In 1956 he quit work on the Falcon missile so that he could spend his time "thinking" about Einstein's theory of relativity.)

It took Smith almost five years and some 25 modifications to come up with a two-wheel roller skate (one wheel in front, one in back), which he felt simulated the feel of ice skating. His BiSkate will do just about anything the ice skater wants it to do, down to Three Turns, Mohawks and even the tough jumps and turns (although a skidding stop is impossible). Esthetically, the BiSkate is no prize. With its camel-colored plastic wheels, it looks as though a mad baker had attached two glazed doughnuts to the bottom of a hockey boot and left them to rot. BiSkates cost up to \$80—which is perhaps not excessive considering that good roller skates—the kind with four wheels—go as high as \$200. Smith's skates are sold through mail order from RLS Products, Box 799, Santa Monica, Calif. 90406. So far he has sold only 103 pairs. But he is sanguine. "When General Motors announces an increase in car sales," he says, "they mean a couple of million. When I announce an increase, it means two pairs."

To practice BiSkating, it is best to begin at a roller rink, ignoring the commotion your BiSkates will cause. It's not easy to be a two-

wheel person in a four-wheel world. At first, the traditional roller skater will see you as some strange mechanical mutant and, in a way, you are. The earliest roller skates were more than likely two-wheel affairs, which appeared sometime in the 18th century as substitutes for ice skates. But soon roller skates became much as we know them today and headed off in a direction of their own. So by eliminating two wheels, Smith, one might say, has rolled the evolution of the ice skate backward at least two centuries.

Ice skating on wheels instead of a blade may give one a sort of unicorn feeling—that is, making do with one horn. However, there are bigger problems that come under the general heading of equilibrium. Two wheels are as hard to balance on as a blade. (Compared to Biskates, roller skates are as easy to maintain your balance on as a bicycle with training wheels.) The minute you lurch onto the floor you'll feel as though the world had suddenly come to a point and there you are tottering on it. Take a deep breath, ignore that 14-year-old smart aleck who buzzes by with a cherry "You dropped a couple of wheels!" and commence gliding—or rather staggering—around the rink. With your arms flailing in front of you and your body doing an exotic shuffle, accept the fact that you look like someone in the advanced stages of terminal charley horse. But if you've had any ice-skating experience, that will be an advantage, and you'll soon get the hang of it. And you're in for a big surprise. To the outside world you may well look like some sawed-off roller skater, but in reality you are ice skating on wood. Top that, Dorothy Hamill!

Let's assume that you have mastered the technique. Now you're faced with another problem. As you glide along, you become aware for the first time of the loud disco music in the background, and the roller skaters seem to be doing a strange rubber-legged dance that is known as "rearing." Ice skaters usually feel more at home with selections on the Hammond organ and waltzes. Suddenly you understand that Biskates are a prospect to instant culture shock, even worse, to split personality. Mixing the worlds of roller and ice skating can't be tolerated forever. Ice skating at a roller rink is like playing miniature golf at Pebble Beach. Unless you want to undergo a severe identity crisis, your best bet is to clear out immediately and search for a vacant lot where there're just you and the breeze. (You might want to wear earplugs because, on concrete, Biskates make a sound that is disturbingly reminiscent of a train rattling over a bridge.) Now all you have to do is put on a scarf and mittens and, with a leap of imagination, you're sailing along the pristine ice of a secluded New England lake. In the distance you can almost see children riding a toboggan jolly revelers skating at your elbow. But be sure to watch out for the empty beer cans.

END

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*All comparisons relate to the 1976 full-size Chevrolet.

A NOTICEABLE IMPROVEMENT: GAS MILEAGE.

The 1977 EPA Guide for New Car Buyers reports that The New Chevrolet, equipped with its new standard six-cylinder engine and automatic transmission, has estimates of 22 mpg highway, 17 mpg city.



Remember though, your actual mileage may vary depending on how you drive, the condition of your car and how it is equipped. Also, California figures are lower.



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When you get into The New Chevrolet look around you carefully.

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GM

Now that's m

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Based on U.S. Government estimates of vehicle interior size—as reported in the 1977 EPA Guide for New Car Buyers—The New Chevrolet manages to give you more interior room than this year's older styled, full-sized car of our nearest sales competitor.

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The New Chevrolet has even more corrosion protection than last year's full-size Chevrolet.

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The "tuck under" of the body sills has been reduced to help prevent stone chips.

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RESALE: PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT VALUE OF ALL.

People who buy fleets of cars are buying The New Chevrolet in record numbers.

(Fleet sales of The New Chevrolet are up 168% over the same period last year.)

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A VOLUME THAT TELLS EVERYTHING YOU
ALREADY KNEW ABOUT RED AUERBACH

All the evidence suggests that Arnold (Red) Auerbach of the Boston Celtics is one of the more interesting people in American sports. Leaving aside the astonishing string of championships his teams had in the '50s and '60s, Auerbach is notable among sports figures for his sharp intelligence, innovative mind, fierce loyalties and remarkable candor. He'd make a great subject for a book.

But it's got to be said about Red Auerbach: *An Autobiography* (Putnam, \$9.95)—great subject, lousy book. It was written by Auerbach (or presumably, tape-recorded by him) in collaboration with Joe Fitzgerald, a youthful Boston columnist who writes like a sports-page oldtimer—and that's not a compliment. With the exception of a few vivid anecdotes, this is just another old-fashioned sport autobiography, the pee-whorral tale of (gasp!) the tough coach with a heart of gold.

The details of Auerbach's career are familiar to many fans: Brooklyn boyhood, college at George Washington, coaching apprenticeship in high schools and in the wartime Navy, his first taste of the pro game with the Washington Caps, then on to Walter Brown's Celtics and, eventually, the greatest coaching record in the history of pro basketball. Since we know all that, we read on Auerbach autobiography for a different reason: we want to know the secret of his success, the why behind the what of his career. In this book, however, we get little beyond Fitzgerald adulating Auerbach, and Auerbach being unbecomingly—and unconsciously—modest.

It's easy to assemble a list of the qualities that made the Celtics great: conditioning, discipline, team play. Bill Russell, execution, pride, loyalty. Bill Russell. Directly or obliquely, Auerbach talks about all that, and so do players and other associates whom Fitzgerald has interviewed. For example, Bob Cousy on Auerbach: "The criterion for judging any coach is whether or not he gets the most out of his talent." But this still doesn't explain why a short, retired tough-talking and frequently obnoxious guy from Brooklyn should have turned out to be a giant in a game of giants. We get long ribbons of anecdotes and play-by-play recitals, and a fair amount of repetition, but there is scarcely a moment of real reflection or introspection.

Perhaps it's enough just to let the record speak for itself. It certainly says a lot, but it's natural to be curious about how Auerbach got the magic touch, and here we get precious few clues. The good Auerbach book has yet to be written.

END



This, believe it or not, is a stamp collector.

He's Dave Rowe, defensive tackle with the Super Bowl champion Oakland Raiders. Six foot eight. 280 pounds. And a real pro.

But you know what Dave really does for kicks? He collects stamps. U.S. commemoratives.

Dave started collecting with his grandfather when he was eight. And when football came into his life, stamps didn't go out of it. Because they capture the

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weeks. With all the things that helped make America, America.

You can make your collection as individual as you are. Just the way Dave has.

"I hope," says Dave, "my son enjoys collecting stamps as much as I do."

U.S. Postal Service



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Footloose

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO GET TO
LAKE SCROOGIE-WOOGIE, VISIT EXXON

During lunch hour at any time of the year and for much of the day in spring and summer, the doors of the Exxon Touring Service on Manhattan's West 50th Street seldom stop revolving. Eight men in navy blazers handle the traffic—drivers looking for directions—with practiced efficiency. The lines seldom shorter than 10 or 12 deep, move with remarkable speed as maps are whisked open, routes sketched with orange Magic Markers and advice dispensed on distances and points of interest. The service is free and, in a summer of uncertain gas prices, surely worthwhile.

"We used to send people by the most scenic routes," says Kenon Engel, assistant coordinator of the New York Touring Service and an Exxon travel counselor for 25 years, "but because of the energy crisis, our thrust now is to get them there on the fewest gallons. Of course, we still tell them about places of special interest, but for the traveler who simply wants to get from city A to city B, we suggest the shortest, most efficient route."

The key to this business is memory. Looking something up takes time. It has to be in your head. Engel can detail the pros and pitfalls of all but perhaps half a dozen major highways in the U.S., Canada and Mexico. Each Exxon travel counselor has attended an intensive training course and memorized the road maps of the North American continent inch by inch. He must know about detours, construction, bypasses, surface conditions, tolls and restrictions. The shortest way on the map is not always the fastest. Then, too, there are places that do not appear on conventional maps.

"A magazine may write of the great highway-bunch on Lake Scroogie-Woogie, which is identified as being about 70 miles from nowhere," Engel says. "Requests start coming in for routes to Scroogie-Woogie. The place may not be on any map, but if it exists, we will find it. We have just about every reference service that has ever been printed, countless gazetteers and the state-by-state guides that were put out by the WPA during the Depression. These books cover every cranny of the country."

"If someone wants to know where the best salmon fishing in Nova Scotia is, or where he can ski the longest downhill run in British Columbia, or where he can find the birthplace of a William L. Pearce, we'll find it and provide the route. One of the queerest requests we ever had was from a

man who wanted to travel from Toronto to Buffalo at night and only on deserted roads. We gave him directions."

Of course, there are a few things we can't provide. A lady came in one day and said she wanted to go to California, but her car was not running well. She wanted a downhill route all the way. Another woman wanted to know where to get on the bridge between the West Coast and Hawaii. She refused to believe there was any such bridge. One fellow wanted to stop only at kosher restaurants between New York and Florida. Then there are hitchhikers who become indignant when you can't give them the best route for hitchhiking. There is no pattern to the kinds of requests we get, or to the travelers making them. The latter run from 80-year-old retirees with all the time in the world to young people who aren't going anywhere in a car, but ask for information about trail routes. The toughest queries are from booking agents and entrepreneurs who have to cover several dozen cities in as many days.

Engel dispenses advice with theatrical flair, speaking in resonant, measured tones, with a touch worthy of Richard Burton. Indeed, before coming to Exxon he had a short-lived career with a Gilbert & Sullivan troupe. From those days of one-night stands and extensive travel since he has gained his impressive, freshened knowledge. It is not a requisite, but most Exxon travel counselors have driven a great many of the highways they recommend.

Exxon operates two other touring centers in addition to the one in New York. An office in Florham Park, N.J. handles only phone and written requests and the center at 809 Bell Street in Houston accommodates those as well as in-person queries. All three centers offer travelers a full line of free road maps, many which have become as rare as ramble seats at most local service stations.

Several other oil companies have, or are affiliated with, touring services of their own, but Exxon's is the largest and the oldest. Its founder was Otto G. Lindberg, a Finnish draftsman who came to the U.S. in 1923 on vacation. He bought a car and promptly got lost. What this country needed, he decided, was a good road map. Using his drafting skills, he set about making one for himself. It proved so useful on his own travels that he took it to Boston, where he convinced a bank to underwrite the printing and distribution of 100,000 copies. He sold these to Standard Oil of New Jersey, Exxon's predecessor. The Touring Service which opened its doors in 1927, was a logical outgrowth. Today, many years after his death, Lindberg's General Drafting Company, Inc. still produces Exxon's maps, considered by many the best in the country.

The test of a good map," says Engel, "is not what is put in, but what is left out."

If you feel anything is missing, Kenon Engel can fill you in. **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by RON REID

BOSTON STRANGLER

As President Carter says, bigger is not necessarily better, and one of the things that have grown too big is the Boston Marathon. Its 81st running the other day was the biggest ever, with 2,807 officially entered men and 126 officially entered women—plus numerous race crashers and assorted coeds in hot pursuit of Paul Newman, who was shooting footage for a marathon movie.

The back end of the field was so far from the starting line that it took the last entrants 3½ minutes to jog and push up to it. And since the weather was ideal for watching, the road from Hopkinton to the downtown Prudential Center was mobbed by an estimated 800,000 to 1,000,000 spectators, many spilling onto the road. Traffic was tied up all day and one official remarked, "It's like Kenmore Square after a baseball game."

For the serious runners, the race had a nightmarish beginning. Winner Jerome Drayton, 32, of Toronto said, "The organizers ought to make up their minds whether they want quality or quantity. At the start, the first thing I knew there were 50 guys pushing from behind. One guy was grabbing my shirt and pulling me down. I was jostled, kicked and booed around. Twisted my ankle and got kicked in the calf. I almost went down in the first 15 yards." Mike Gorman of Los Angeles, the 41-year-old winner of the women's division, said, "I started too fast. I had no choice. Everybody was rushing and I had to rush along, too. Otherwise, I would have tripped and fallen."

In a postrace debate with Jock Semple, a veteran race official, Drayton said, "All you have to do is seed the first 50 runners, put a rope behind them and let the others start later."

"I handle the whole thing," Semple said, "and I think there are too many bloody entries. But when we cut down, we get flak from the road-runners clubs and all the other clubs in the country. I got flak that I didn't put a man with a

wooden leg in. I lost 14 pounds organizing this thing."

Qualifying times for Boston have been in effect since 1970 but the stampede of runners keeps growing. Drayton's solution—to let the few world-class runners compete ahead of the pack—may have merit if Semple can find a rope that will test, oh, some 500,000 pounds.

THE ENFORCER

Pro football fans will recall that George Atkinson, the Oakland Raiders' defensive back, kayoed Lynn Swann of the Steelers last season on a play that generated controversy, countless replays and, for Atkinson, a \$1,500 fine from NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle.

On May 21, Atkinson will be one of 21 Northern California athletes entered in a "Superpro" decathlon for the March of Dimes. Each contestant is sponsored by a business firm or an organization, which donates \$500 to the MOD. In the draw for athletes, Atkinson was picked to represent the San Mateo Law Enforcement Agencies. San Mateo is Swann's hometown.

ODDONES, LOOK HERE

One of the first lessons taught a race-track neophyte is to always count your money before you leave the window—the inference being that pari-mutuel clerks are more than happy to have anything you leave behind in the excitement of betting. But maybe it's a bum rap.

When fire broke out during the sixth race at New Jersey's Garden State Park on April 14, there was about \$1.4 million in cash scattered about. As flames swept through the clubhouse, sellers, cashiers and concessionaires were seen stuffing bills into their pockets, grabbing bags full of cash and running. "Goodbye, money," thought many a bettor.

But the next day, at temporary headquarters set up at the Cherry Hill Inn across from the racetrack, the money started coming back—in suitcases, boxes

and brown paper bags. One mutual clerk, who returned \$3,959.40 had written a will the night before, saying that the money in his safe-deposit box belonged to Garden State. Others had deposited the money in their checking accounts and brought in checks. But most of the clerks had slept with their money and were still trembling the next morning. Concession, admission and parking employees brought in more cash. And by last week, all but about \$200,000 had been accounted for. Everything considered, a return of 86¢ on the dollar isn't bad.

SCHOOL FOR THE SPIANS

When the Dempsey School of International Wrestling ran an ad appealing for students who wanted to become professional wrestlers, the Dallas News smelled a nice feature story and got a former SMU football player, Horace Derry (6' 4", 260 pounds), to enroll. The paper paid his fees, \$100 down, \$20 a lesson.

The first lecture was by Headmaster Guy Dempsey, who told the class of about 30, "Pro wrestling is a closed sport, a very tight organization where you don't find too many who are willing to give a newcomer a hand."

Dempsey then gave the class a bit of "traveller" jargon to chew on—such expressions as "working" (both wrestlers fake it throughout a match), "getting blood the hard way" (a wrestler agrees for \$50 extra or so to make a prematch cut in his forehead with a bottle cap, then allows it to be pounded until blood flows furiously in the bout) and "baby face" (a wrestler who plays the good guy).

Young Derry was instantly nicknamed Baby Face. "They made it clear from the beginning that they were going to teach us the theatrical approach," he reports. "They said that the important thing was to protect yourself as well as your opponent from injury. They showed us how to react to punches to make them look more punishing than they really were. They showed us how to cradle an opponent's head when you throw him, so he doesn't hit the mat hard enough to hurt."

"They taught us that the philosophy of the sport is that there is no way anybody can make any money if everyone gets hurt and can't work."

Dempsey disagrees only with Derry's semantics. He says, "We're not teaching theatrics here. We're teaching what we call 'crowd identification.'"

continued

Among the instructors were a few well-known pros: Ivan (The Terrible) Bulba, Irish Jack Kennedy and Buddy Farmer. Along with the formal lectures, the oldtimers occasionally entertained their scholars with anecdotes. Kennedy recalled that once he was wrestling under the nom de ring of Benny Schwartz and when a match was over, an admirer yelled, "Great match, Benny! What are your plans for Yom Kippur?" To which Irish Jack replied, "Yom Kippur? How the hell do I know? I've never even seen him wrestle."

THE MOST HAZARDOUS GAME

For the past year, seven suburban Chicago high schools have kept track of injuries suffered in nine different sports, the idea being to find out which are the most dangerous and to take steps to prevent the most common injuries.

Surprisingly, according to this sampling (admittedly a tiny one), the sport causing the most injuries is volleyball. Dr. Richard Dominguez, an orthopedic surgeon who compiled the statistics, found that 31.4% of the students participating in volleyball suffered an injury. Finger injuries led the list. It must have been a terrible year for the Illinois spikers because no other sport even came close in percentage of kids hurt.

The rest of Dominguez' findings: football, 10.9% hurt; gymnastics, 9.3%; wrestling, 8.1%; soccer, 8.1%; basketball, 3.3%; tennis, 2.5%; golf, 1.4%; track, 1.1%.

NATURAL SELECTION

A new do-it-yourself tactic emerged in basketball recruiting this spring—highly sought athletes paying their own way to visit colleges. The University of Texas had one such visit from Guard Vinnie Johnson of Waco's McLennan Community College, the No. 1 junior-college prospect in the state.

There is method in this apparent madness. "The NCAA visitation limit is six," says Texas Assistant Coach Barry Dowd. "If an athlete pays his own way, it doesn't count against his official-visit limit. That leaves such exotic places as Hawaii or Las Vegas for expense-paid visits."

NAME GAME

Chess, it would appear, can count among its devotees a sizable number suited to the game in both mind and moniker. The U.S. Chess Federation's 1976 list of rat-

ed tournament players, for example, includes a Paul E. Castle, seven Bishops and 13 Knights. No Pawns and only one Queen made the ratings, but the list also included 53 Kings and one Board.

INAUGURAL BALL

The Atlanta Braves had a problem—no one to throw out the first ball at their home opener. The team PR director, Bob Hope, had asked some really big names: Jimmy Carter, Miss Lillian, Jerry Ford. All said no.

Hope then called Hollywood to try to get King Kong. He was told that the great ape currently is stored in several hundred separate pieces in a Hollywood warehouse. "It would take at least \$40,000 to reassemble him," said Hope. "Then we'd have to ship him. They also warned us that if his control panel wasn't perfectly checked out, instead of throwing out the first ball his arm could go crazy and wipe out several dozen fans."

Hope's next idea was to have a contest—\$500 to the fan who could pick a worthy celebrity and then persuade him or her to throw out the ball. A local paper ran the story and the next day phones at the Braves' office almost rang off the wall. The list of celebrity suggestions ran into the hundreds.

Also, an aide of Alabama Governor George Wallace called Hope at two o'clock one morning and said the governor would be willing to do the job. By then, however, it had been decided that Paul Newman, who happened to be in Atlanta for an auto race, was the best choice. Newman agreed.

Ah, but then President Carter called and said that even though he or his mother couldn't make it, he was sending Attorney General Griffin Bell and Budget Director Bert Lance, both longtime Braves fans, to the opener. Said Hope: "It's the same with the President as it is with a 10-ton gorilla—when he asks you to do something, you don't say no."

S O S THROUGH SPACE

A retired space engineer, James L. Baker of Sherwood Forest, Md., has developed a satellite-bounced communications system that would allow small-boat operators to transmit emergency messages over hundreds of miles instead of being limited to the 25-mile range of most small-craft radios.

Baker tested his system in the Bermuda Triangle area this winter during a 30-

day cruise on a 33-foot sloop. Communications from his boat were relayed via NASA's Nimbus 6 weather satellite to the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md. Baker said he hopes his invention can be widely produced—and perhaps do something to save at least a few of the 1,200-odd people who lose their lives each year in small-boat accidents in coastal waters.

INTENTIONAL PASS

Baseball managers have been fired for a variety of reasons, but Tom Zimmer, son of the Boston Red Sox pilot, Don Zimmer, may be the first manager ever to fire the franchise. When Zimmer the Younger quit as manager of the Minnesota farm club at Wisconsin Rapids in the Midwest League, he cited inadequate lighting, ill-fitting uniforms and poor lodging in the area. "The lights aren't fit to play under," he said, "the uniforms don't fit and I won't let my players play in them."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Baseball teams that oppose unbeaten Edison (N.J.) High School may be forgiven for doing a double take. The reason is Edison's No. 1 battery of Steve and Larry Korcey, who are identical twins. The batter who gazes at Pitcher Steve and then at Catcher Larry is usually discomfited by the sight.

"I thought I was seeing double, too," says Edison Coach Mike Krychowsky. "It was a long time before I could tell them apart. I still blow it sometimes."

THEY SAID IT

● Arnold Schwarzenegger, six-time Mr. Universe, on what it is like to be beautiful: "Many times at the beach a good-looking lady will say to me, 'I want to touch you.' I always smile and say, 'I don't blame you.'"

● O. J. Simpson, asked his opinion of Joe Namath's potential value to the Los Angeles Rams: "Namath would take the Rams straight to the Super Bowl. He can't make an average team good, but he can make a good team great and a great team even greater."

● Al McGuire, on his replacement at Marquette, Hank Raymond: "My successor is a perfectionist. If he married Raquel Welch, he'd expect her to cook."

● David Brenner, comedian: "I don't like to watch golf on television. I can't stand whispering."

END

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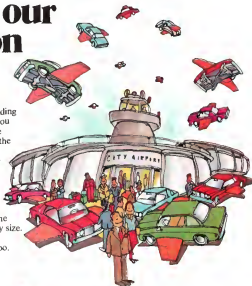
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1977
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SOME VERY WRONG

Fight promoter Don King says if he were still in the numbers game in Cleveland, he would be betting heavily on 962 these days. In the numbers, 962 means trouble, deep trouble, and that's what King was in right up to the tippy-top tips of his electrified hair last week. ABC had just suspended the telecasts of his United States Championship boxing tournament, and King, in turn, had "suspended" boxing consultants Al Braverman and Paddy Flood, an odd couple of cornerwise managers, and PR man Gordon Peterson from his staff.

The reasons for all the suspensions were charges that fighters had to pay kickbacks to get into King's ballyhooed tournament, which ABC had underwritten to the tune of \$1.5 million; that the records of at least 11 of the 60-odd boxers had been phoned in the 1977 *Ring Record Book* (the so-called Bible of boxing); and that ratings supplied by Associate Editor John Ort of *The Ring* magazine had been rigged. One boxer, Ike Fluellen of Houston, who has not fought in more than a year, was credited with two 1976 wins in Mexico by the *Record Book* and rated 10th, then third in the U.S. junior middleweight class in recent issues of *Ring*. In the March issue of *Ring*, Ort even gave idle Ike an honorable mention for the 1976 Progress Award of the Year. If he had had help like this, Harold Stassen would have become President in a landslide.

And if those problems were not enough to make King lay all his stash on 962, a federal grand jury in Baltimore was checking into the tournament, which at its inception had been praised as a way to create American champions, to build names and continuity. There were also persistent reports of FBI and IRS investigations into the affairs of boxing figures. Meanwhile in New York, Governor

continued



NUMBERS

ABC's tournament hoped to find U.S. champs. Instead Don King brought in chumps, chiselers and pugs who don't belong in "The Ring" **by Robert H. Boyle**

King claims, "I'm a nut on the truth bit," but his now-suspended matches were peopled with fighters with faltered records and managers taking kickbacks



Hugh Carey had put the beat on James A. Farley Jr., his \$35,000-a-year State Athletic Commission chairman, for being either a dupe or a dope in working with King on the tournament. Speculation even had it that Roone Arledge, president of ABC Sports, had muffed his chances of becoming president of ABC News because of the brouhaha. This was later denied by Frederick S. Pierce, the network president. And ABC announced that it had retained the services of Michael Armstrong, the highly regarded New York lawyer who broke open the Serpico case, to conduct an independent investigation. It will take months, for there are all sorts of intertwining connections for Armstrong and the other investigators to probe, ranging from the sudden elevation of tomatito-cin fighters to the status of U.S. title contenders to the role of the press. There have been allegations that King had two prominent New York newspapermen and a staff member of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* "on the take." SI is investigating the allegations against its staffer.

Amid all the turmoil last week, King maintained he was on the up-and-up ("I'm a nut on the truth bit," he says) and took solace in his seaside Manhattan townhouse by reciting passages from Demosthenes, Thoreau and Shakespeare ("Sweet are the uses of adversity/

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head"). King did not deny that some shenanigans might have occurred: "With all these rumors, there's smoke, and where there's smoke there's usually fire," he said. But he saw the contretemps as an attempt "to fry this coon." Muhammad Ali agreed. "There's only one thing wrong," said the heavyweight champ. "They got a spook running the tournament."

Masters are not so black and white. Soon after King made his tournament deal with ABC last year, Malcolm (Flash) Gordon, a 27-year-old boxing freak—"freak is very accurate," he says—who publishes a newsletter for boxing cognoscenti, wrote about insiders feasting on the money ABC was putting up. Though Gordon has a reputation for accuracy, his style can be extremely abusive—he has referred to Ort of Ring as "Johnny Bought"—and he was, in turn, attacked in a recent photocopied sheet called *Boxing Bear True Facts*, which described him as a "sewer mongrel" and "beatnik pothead with body odor so boot."

Whatever the merits of Gordon's allegations, King's contract with ABC called for Don King Productions to stage the tournament from January through June of 1977. King himself was to get nothing but production costs, because, as he says, "It was a thing to me that I

was contributing to me." Indeed it was. Had the tournament reached an unsolicited conclusion, King would have wound up in complete control, thanks to ABC's naïve largess, of all 11 U.S. champions, in addition to at least three fighters, including fourth-ranked Heavyweight Larry Holmes and No. 1-ranked Lightweight Esteban DeJesus, whom he and his son Carl already have in their pockets. For a promoter to control—or be in a position to gain control of—fighters in his own tournament is at best unethical. In some jurisdictions, it would be illegal.

To obtain credibility for his tournament, King took two unusual steps. First, he agreed to pay Ring for rating the fighters to be used in the tournament and for allowing the use of Ring's good name as the sanctioning body. As of last week King had paid Ring \$30,000 of the \$70,000 promised. No one had ever paid Ring for anything like this before, but as King says, "This was the heart of the tournament. I needed their reputation and their ratings and their sanction to give validity and authority to the tournament." King also brought in Farley, whom he describes as having an "impeccable reputation," but who is regarded as merely a political hack by many others in boxing. Farley was named chairman of the tournament committee, where, says King, "There can't be no hanky-panky." Besides Farley, who accepted expenses from King without checking with Governor Carey, the committee members were Kenneth Sherwood and Manuel A. Gonzales, both former New York boxing commissioners; Nat Loubet, the editor and publisher of Ring; and the omnipresent Ort.

Farley's committee technically had control over the selection of referees and judges, but it was hardly the independent body such a committee should be. It was formed by the promoter and had no legal standing whatever. Indeed, no boxing commission anywhere had jurisdiction over the tournament, because King and his associates had seen fit to stage the bouts in such unusual venues as the U.S. Navy aircraft carrier Lexington anchored off Pensacola, Fla., the U.S. Naval Academy and the Marion (Ohio) Correctional Institution, often referred to as King's alma mater because he once served four years there for manslaughter.

Despite all the window dressing, ABC began to get twitchy even before the first round of bouts was shown from the Lex-



The treacherous ascent of *El Fiallen*, who rose from oblivion to become the third-ranked junior middleweight contender without throwing a punch, as it appeared in recent "Ring" issues



Flood lost his chance to get a tournament bout when, in an affidavit given to ABC, he blew the whistle on the way John Ort (right) jugged the rankings

ington on Jan. 16. The network's 32-year-old associate producer for the tournament telecasts, Alex Wallau, who is a knowledgeable boxing man, had meticulously researched the tournament field that King and Ring had lined up and figured that at least a dozen of the entrants were bums who had no business fighting for a championship of the United States. Concerned about what Wallau had uncovered, ABC invited King, Ort and Farley to an area near the davits of the carrier and took the most unusual step of getting affidavits from each of them. In their statements, they said that the tournament was on the level and that the ratings needed to determine who qualified for it were dead honest.

Thereafter all went well—at least on the surface—until the Annapolis program on Feb. 13, when Heavyweight Johnny Boudreaux of Houston won an atrocious decision over Scott LeDoux of Minneapolis. LeDoux and his manager, Joe Dazkiewicz, shouted, "Don King, Paddy Flood of New York and Al Braverman, also of New York, control all the fighters in this tournament. We're the only outsiders." LeDoux then jumped from the ring and tried to mix it up with Boudreaux, who was being interviewed by ABC's Howard Cosell. In the melee, Cosell's toupee was knocked askew. Lat-

er Cosell interviewed LeDoux, who apologized for his behavior but repeated his charge that most of the fighters were controlled by King. LeDoux and his manager were angry in part because Flood, who worked Boudreaux's corner, gets 10% of Boudreaux's purses as a "booking agent." The fact is that for more than a year LeDoux has been paying Braverman 10% of his winnings to act as a booker, and if Boudreaux was controlled by one of King's entourage, then so was LeDoux.

By happenstance a CBS camera crew, assigned to film a segment on King for that network's *Who's Who* program, was on hand and took in the fracas. That footage became part of a scathing report on King, the tournament and TV's involvement with boxing by Don Rather on the April 12 *Who's Who*. Along with criticizing the ABC tournament, Rather also attacked his own network for controlling fighters, and last week CBS' Saturday afternoon booms were suspended.

The next development involved Houston Featherweight Kenny Weldon, who says he was offered \$7,500 to fight at the Ohio prison. The figure of \$7,500 does not jibe with the \$5,000 tendered to featherweights and lightweights by ABC, but that is the figure Weldon uses. He says, "I made an agreement with Harlan

Haas [a Houston fight publicist and local correspondent for Ring] to get 10% booking for me, and I told him to see if he could get Jerry Kornele in the tournament, too. My wife owns Kornele's contract. Harlan came back after consulting George Kanter [a New York booking agent] and said the only way I could get Kornele into the tournament was in a package deal in which each of us would get \$5,000 for our tournament fight." Thus, Weldon thought, Kanter was planning to skim \$5,000 of his and Kornele's purses.

"I had gotten a loan from the bank a few months earlier and wanted it extended," Weldon continues. "The bank requested a letter confirming the fight. Kanter sent them the letter of confirmation. Remember, this wasn't ABC or King answering. It was Kanter."

"When I got to Ohio, I still didn't have a contract. On the day of the fight, Kanter wanted to give me a \$5,000 personal check. I said there was no way I would take a personal check from a guy I'd never met till then. I asked how others got paid and found out it was through ABC. I still hadn't signed a contract, and it was less than an hour before the fight. An ABC guy [so Weldon remembers—ABC claims it never directly signed any fighters] said they needed my signature and

continued



Scott LaDousa stirred up suspicions by knocking off a big wig

Kanter's on the contract. When I signed the contract... I noticed that Kanter was listed on it as my manager. As soon as it was over, Kanter wanted his money. I mailed it to him when I got home to Houston."

Back in Texas, Doug Lord, a Dallas fight manager, asked Weldon how Kornele happened to get into the tournament. Weldon explained his package deal and told of the \$2,500 payment to Kanter. Miffed because his own fighter, Johnny Copeland, had not been included in the bouts—and Copeland is only one of a number of boxers who should have been invited and were not—Lord got in touch with ABC. The network contacted Weldon and turned his charges over to Farley. Farley called in Kanter and ordered him to repay the fee. Kanter promised to do so, but he had not repaid Weldon as of this week.

In late March Jeff Ruhe, an assistant to Arledge at ABC, was surprised to get

a call from Fluellen, the Houston junior middleweight, who complained that he had not been able to get an answer from King on when he was to fight in the tournament. Although Ruhe was a newcomer to boxing, he asked Fluellen if anything "funny" was going on. Fluellen said no, but after several calls he made mention of splitting his purse with Chris Cline, a Washington, D.C. manager. Ruhe asked Fluellen to submit a statement to ABC about his arrangement with Cline, but the boxer did not comply. Ten days later, on April 6, Ruhe received a message that Fluellen had phoned again. Before returning the call, Ruhe phoned King's office and was told that Fluellen had been removed from the tournament because he had not fought in a year and a half. Ruhe then called Fluellen to tell him he was out, and Fluellen said he would spill the whole story. Arledge immediately asked for an affidavit, and it was released to the press this evening.

Thereafter, under Arledge's insistent direction, ABC's investigation moved briskly forward.

In his affidavit, Fluellen states that Cline, whom he had met in 1974, called him in September 1976 about appearing in the tournament. Fluellen says that Cline told him he could get him rated in Ring's Top Ten in the U.S. and that there was big money involved. Fluellen, who is a patrolman in the Houston suburb of Bellaire and has not fought since October 1975, was interested in Cline's offer. He was also skeptical. Several weeks after Cline called, Fluellen got a letter from Cline that contained an enclosure from King. It was an invitation to Fluellen to apply for entry in the tournament. "On the basis of this letter," Fluellen says, "I told Mr. Cline that he had my permission to represent me in getting into the tournament." Fluellen and Cline stayed in close contact, with Cline assuring the boxer he would fight.

When Fluellen saw that he was No. 10 among U.S. junior middleweights in the January Ring, he called the magazine. "I asked to speak to John Ort so I could introduce myself," Fluellen says. "He told me I was in good hands with Chris Cline. Mr. Ort asked me how many times I had fought in 1976, and I told him I hadn't fought because I had been unable to obtain bouts. Mr. Ort told me that Mr. Cline had brought my previous record to his attention. Not long after talking with Mr. Ort, Mr. Cline told me I would be ranked third the following month. This turned out to be the case.

"Mr. Cline called me often in January to check up on my training. I assured him that I was training hard and was getting in good physical condition. Mr. Cline informed me that the 1977 edition of *The Ring Record Book* would list two fights on my record which took place in 1976 in Mexico. I did not fight in 1976.

"In February I saw the March edition of *Ring* and noticed that I was ranked third in the U.S. and that I had also been added to the world rankings as No. 8 in Group H. That meant I was the No. 11 junior middleweight in the world. The only American listed ahead of me in the world rankings was Emile Griffith."

Cline informed Fluellen that his first tournament fight would be in late March, but then said it had been postponed until April 2. Before the tournament quarterfinals at the Randolph Air Force base in San Antonio, Weldon asked Fluellen how much he was going to get for his fight. Fluellen said he understood his purse would be \$5,000. Weldon said that he had been in touch with Ruhe at ABC and felt that he was not getting all the money he should have been getting. In late March, Fluellen called Ruhe, who confirmed that the purse was \$5,000 and asked the boxer, says Fluellen, whether he was having to "kick back" any of his money. Ruhe also asked how long Cline had been Fluellen's representative and whether they had a written contract. Fluellen said there was no written contract and that Cline was representing him only for the tournament.

Then Fluellen placed several calls to Cline, who did not return them. Finally, on March 24, Fluellen reached Cline, who informed him that some people were saying bad things about him, that he had been making phone calls and stirring up trouble. Fluellen says Cline told him that he should remember that Cline had done

nothing but good for his boxing career. On March 28 Fluellen got a 14-page contract from Don King Productions, which he signed and returned. A week later he began to hear rumors that he had been dropped from the tournament. On April 1, Fluellen called Peterson, King's PR man, and Peterson told him if he had "done nothing wrong in the last year and a half," he would still be in the tournament. "My interpretation of Mr. Peterson's remarks was that they were a suggestion not to talk to ABC or anyone else," Fluellen says.

Feeling that he was out of the tournament, Fluellen placed the call to Ruhe that resulted in his affidavit. Since then Fluellen has received a number of threats over the phone. "I'm not paranoid, but I'm almost afraid to start my car," he says. "In fact, I look under the hood every day before I do start it."

Some people in boxing look upon Fluellen as a whacko who hopes to gain attention by complaining about death threats. As King's man Braverman says, "I get death threats on the phone. I invite the yellow bastards to come on over. They never do. They just hang up. That's not very nice."

Two weeks ago, following publication of the 1977 *Ring Record Book*, Wallau began poring over the book and found a number of falsifications in the records of fighters who were entered in the tournament. On the morning of the day that Dan Rather delivered his blast on *Who's Who*, ABC confronted Ort and suspended the fighters whose records were wrong. Among the discrepancies:

Lightweight Pat Dolan was credited with four fake 1975 wins in New York and New Jersey.

Featherweight Hilbert Stevenson was listed for five phony bouts in Winston-Salem, N.C. in 1976.

Junior Middleweight Anthony House was down for four non-existent fights in 1975 and three in 1976.

Junior Middleweight Mel Dennis of Houston is credited with two phony knockouts in Valle Hermosa, Argentina in 1976.

Four fighters in the tournament—Greg Coverson, Vonzell Johnson, Floyd Mayweather and Richard Rozelle—were credited with a total of 11 fake wins in 1975 and 1976. Oddly enough, the real records of all four might have been good enough to qualify them for the tournament. They are managed by Henry

Grooms of Kalamazoo, Mich., a former officer in the local sheriff's office. Why the murky business? Grooms blames secretaries for "administrative mistakes." Grooms claims he has written a letter to Rang saying, "If I'm guilty of anything, it's of being a non-administrator and not taking the responsibility to know that in my office there are no mistakes being made."

Nat Loubet, editor and publisher of *Ring* and son-in-law of the magazine's founder, the late Nat Fleischer, says, "Although Grooms didn't put this in his letter, his office said that he uses several sets of records. When he goes into the hinterlands he likes to have 15 KOs instead of eight. His secretary sent us the wrong list. We were supposed to get the accurate list."

Other phony records are turning up in *The Ring Record Book*. The 1975 edition lists a fake Congolese heavyweight named Muhammed Wee Wee, who, among other feats, supposedly scored a knockout against Tommy Farr in London in 1974. If the real Tommy Farr were still with us, he would be 63 years old. "You're going to have mistakes," says Loubet. "There have always been mistakes. Wee Wee Muhammed, that's a sample thing. We're sitting here with galleys in front of us. Somebody who thinks he's a comic sent the damn thing in. We've had others that we caught. A guy

named Bagelman, like bagel. We were getting results on this guy like he was having fights. It was a joke. If we had gotten this Wee Wee crap earlier, we'd have laughed like hell."

Loubet does not laugh about allegations concerning Associate Editor Ort, who made up the ratings for the ABC tournament. Loubet says he has warned Ort in the past that he would fire him "summarily" if he found that Ort was pieced into fighters, and Ort denies that he has ever managed or owned a percentage of anyone.

Loubet claims that King recently asked him to fire Ort. "The idea was that he could pile everything on John, use him as the scapegoat," Loubet says. "His lawyer was on the other phone. I said, 'I will not. You're just looking for a scapegoat.' All the things he's worried about in his own background, he's trying to keep covered by throwing all the attention on us."

Yet for all Loubet's protestations, he is embarrassed by the assaults on the veracity of *Ring*, one of the few things in boxing that has had, until now, an untarnished reputation. "Embarrassed?" he asks. "I could jump out the window!" Maybe *Ring* made a mistake in dealing with King? "We never lied down with dogs to get fleas before," he says.

Investigator Armstrong has a lot of fleas to check, and some dogs, too. **END**

Long before CBS' *Who's Who* "sued the scandal" *Roone Arledge* of ABC ordered an investigation



HOW TO GET ZAPPED AND STILL BE A CHAMP

In a non-title fight, the two unbeaten bantamweights went zinging at one another. But when Zarate finally unleashed his Z-bombs everything went zilch for Zamora

by Pat Putnam

A continent away from Don King, boxing was making news in another—and most remarkable—way: with a bang-up good prize fight. From the beginning, the match-up of Carlos Zarate and Alfonso Zamora was a cinch to be a classic. Zarate, from Mexico City, was the unbeaten WBC bantamweight champion (46 wins, 45 by knockout); Zamora, also from Mexico City, was the unbeaten WBA bantam champ (28-0, all by knockout). Because it was a non-title, over-the-weight bout, both the winner and loser would come out of it with their crowns intact, if not their heads. Now that it is over, the only problem will be convincing anyone in the crowd of 14,120 in the Los Angeles Forum that the two former stablemates were not playing for keeps.

The weight limit for bantams is 118 pounds, but for matched purses of \$125,000 each, the two Zs agreed to come in at 120 pounds, give or take a few ounces. When it came time to step on the scales, Zarate made 119, Zamora weighed a scant three-quarters of a pound more. They hadn't exactly fattened up for the occasion.

"This wasn't my idea," Zarate said. "It doesn't make any sense for two champions to fight and, when it is over, both are still champions. One of us will lose, but what will he lose? Some pride, some respect. But not his title. I think it is time we stop this foolishness and settle this business of two champions."

Zamora's people—primarily his father Alfonso Sr.—said they would be content to fight Zarate for money and fight other people for the championship. It was suggested that he had an old Mexican proverb in mind: when a man tries to leap across a river, it is always better if the water is shallow.

When it comes to spending large sums in boxing, there has never been any great hurry to give the money to bantam-

weights, even world champion bantamweights. Before last Saturday's fight, Zarate's biggest payday had brought around \$80,000. That was for his title defense last February against Fernando Cabanella in Mexico City. Zamora's largest purse had been about the same.

"Nothing but good can come of this," said Cuyo Hernandez, Zarate's wily old manager, explaining why, despite his own fighter's objections, the non-title business made sense. "The winner will be able to demand a great deal of money for future fights. The loser won't make as much, but he'll have more offers to fight than he can handle. Everybody will want to fight the loser."

For Forum promoter Don Fraser, a Zamora-Zarate for-real title fight had been impossible to set up; there were enough headaches just getting them into the same ring for 10 rounds on an over-the-weight basis. Fraser had started trying to make the match when Zarate won his WBC title in May last year (Zamora had been the WBA champion since March of 1975). "Right from the beginning, Zarate said yes, just give him as much as I gave Zamora," Fraser said. "But then for a year Zamora's people drove us off the wall. We went up to \$125,000. They said yes, but..."

"Then we offered an extra \$10,000 for expenses, and they said yes, but..."

Fraser sighed. "Finally Zamora tossed out the two guys advising him and said he'd take the fight."

What changed his mind?

"The money," Zamora said, grinning. Born and raised in Mexico City, the two champions were once tended by the same Cuyo Hernandez. But after Zamora won his title, there was a falling-out between Zamora's father and Hernandez, who finally sold Alfonso for only \$40,000. "I liked the boy, I still do," Hernandez says, "but to get rid of the father, I would have sold Zamora's contract for a sack



of pinto beans. The next time I see his father I'm going to ask him why he doesn't bite his tongue when he talks about other managers. I hear his son says he is tired of supporting him."

"Cuyo Hernandez?" asks Alfonso Sr. "What about him? This is just another fight. We don't care who the other manager is."

Because he is a stylist as well as a puncher, Zarate, at 25 the older by two years, came in as the 10 to 8 favorite. Odds went to 4½ to 1 the fight would not go the distance.

"The way I make it, it's 3 to 1 one of them falls, even if they are playing checkers," said a local bookie. "Those little guys could make a living knocking down



Wading in and whirling away, world champ Zarate sends world champ Zamora reeling in the ropes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE

mora said later, that he became confused and lost his fight plan. He had expected Zarate's attack to come mainly from the right hand. At the bell there was a small mouse under Zamora's left eye, picked up somehow in one of the flurries and, as an added indignity, blood was trickling from his nose.

In full command now, Zarate staggered Zamora with a hook early in the third round, hooked him again; hurt him with a right; ripped home a combination to turn his face bloody—and then dropped him with a hook. Up at the count of two, Zamora, his face and chest both bloody now, took the mandatory eight count and somehow survived the round on legs of rubber. At the bell, the referee had to pull the still-attacking Zarate away from his younger rival.

Twenty-four seconds into the fourth round, Zamora fell under the second of two crushing hooks. Up at eight and showing great courage, he tried to fight back. But Zarate was firing punches faster than they could be counted. A thudding right finally turned Zamora around and sent him to his knees 1:11 into the round.

As Zamora stared vacantly out into the crowd, Zarate belted him twice more. With a roar, Zamora's father sprang into the ring, tossed a towel near his son and raced across the canvas to attack Cuyo Hernandez, who vigorously defended himself.

"I went blind with rage," the senior Zamora said later.

Under California rules, no one can stop a fight by tossing in the towel. No matter. Zamora stayed down for a count of 10. "I could have got up," he said later, "but with all the confusion... what the hell."

Later, as Zarate was going to his dressing room, he saw the elder Zamora in the hallway. Putting his arms around the father, he said in formal Spanish, "I beg you to forgive me. I am very sorry that I had to hurt your son."

"Aw," said Alfonso Zamora Sr., "I've got nothing against you personally. It's just that manager of yours I can't stand."

Hernandez heard of that and laughed. "Tell old Alfonso he isn't going to get any rematch. Except with me. If he wants to fight me, let's set a time and place and make some money."

Over the weight, naturally. Non-title, of course.

END

buildings." Non-bookies tended to agree.

To many of L.A.'s Mexican fans, however, the only fighter in the ring would be Zamora. To them, the 5' 3½" father of two is the embodiment of *liscac macho*. Zamora's style is to wade straight in, hooking from both sides. He has been known to drink with equal abandon. ("That's the only edge he has," said Zarate. "He's the better drinker.")

But the start of the fight was a study in caution. In the first 59 seconds Zamora threw just one good punch, a hook from the left side—and it missed. Zarate tried four jabs, all of which came up short.

There was a brief interruption when an overwrought fan jumped into the ring

and began spouting advice at Referee Richard Steele. The action was stopped, and the intruder was dragged away by eight cops. When the fight resumed, Zamora attacked in a fury. Driving Zarate back with a crushing right, he swarmed in, hammering home heavy hooks with both hands. Zarate blunted the assault momentarily with a long straight right, but then took a hard right and was staggered by a left. From there to the bell, they pounded each other without pause.

"He hurt me twice," Zarate told Hernandez in his corner, "but he can't hurt me enough."

Going inside in Round Two, Zarate began punishing Zamora with left hooks to the body. It was at that point, Za-

THEY KEPT COOL DURING A COLD STREAK

As their rivals hoped, the Yankees got off to a bad start. But despite losing eight of nine they did not lose their poise, and that could mean a pennant

by Larry Keith



During the slump, Manager Martin shaved his mustache and decked out his cap like a cemetery. It wasn't long before the Yanks began burying opponents

Wynn and traded for Shortstop Bucky Dent should be even better this time around; and 2) If it is not, look out.

Spring training showed how tumultuous the Yankees can be. New York sportswriters went to Florida looking for controversy, and the Yankees nearly wrecked themselves trying to oblige.

First of all, there were contract disputes involving Munson, Third Baseman Graig Nettles, Leftfielder Roy White and Pitchers Dock Ellis and Sparky Lyle. Nettles even left the team for a few days, and Ellis remains unsigned.

After being asked to sharpen his all-round game with better bunting and more bases on balls—reasonable requests of a leadoff batter—Centerfielder Mackey Rivers asked to be traded; later in the spring he was benched twice for not hustling.

Jackson did not feel properly welcomed by his teammates and grumbled privately that he may have made a mistake by signing with New York.

Martin felt Steinbrenner was putting too much emphasis on winning spring-training games, and Steinbrenner raised hell when Martin did not come to an exhibition on the bus with his players.

Everyone was criticized when it was learned the Yankees had voted no World Series shares for their bad boys. As an afterthought, they awarded the boys \$100 each, but their Cincinnati counterparts had received \$6,591 apiece.

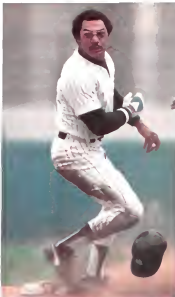
Then Shortstop Fred Stanley became upset when he lost his starting job to Dent, who came from the White Sox just as New York was breaking camp.

With all of this going on, it was no wonder that Commissioner Bowie Kuhn refused to make the Yankees America's goodwill ambassadors to Cuba. It would not have been in the best interest of baseball—or international diplomacy.

It is also easy to understand why New York broke out of the gate like a dry horse once the regular season began. "Last year everybody came to camp with the common goal of winning, and it carried over into the season," says Outfielder Lou Piniella. "This spring we didn't get together, there were too many distractions. I could even see that a few players were complacent. I knew we wouldn't get off to a start as good as last year's."

Because the Yankees have everything in excess—pitching, hitting and ego—no one is quite sure whether they more

continued



It had been predicted that Jackson and Munson would be the best of enemies. But after a slow start, they have become fast friends.



The New York Yankees, the best team money can buy, lost the American League pennant last week. Actually, it was the 1957 pennant, which was being displayed at a New Jersey department store when someone stole it. But the way the fans were howling and the newspapers gossiping, you would have thought that George Steinbrenner's million-dollar minions had lost the 1977 flag as well.

Heavily favored to repeat as American League champions, the Yankees were off to their worst start in 10 years, losing five straight games and possessing for three days the worst record in the major leagues. But the losses themselves were not what was making the early-season Yankee performance so befuddling. After all, even a club loaded with all-stars can be expected to have slumps. The confounding thing about the team was the way everyone connected with it was taking the defeats.

To the amazement of onlookers, Steinbrenner did not storm into the dugout during the 8-3 loss to Toronto that was New York's fifth in a row and set fire to Manager Billy Martin. Catcher Thorman Munson and Rightfielder Reggie Jackson did not beat each other bloody with their Most Valuable Player trophies. Nobody jumped the team. In fact, instead of turning on each other, the volatile Yankees were saving their invective for the official scorer Big Deal.

Despite this docile behavior, the pre-season prognostications for the Yankees still seem appropriate: 1) A team that won the league championship last season, then added free agents Reggie Jackson and Don Gullett, bought DH Jimmy

closely resemble the 1972-74 Oakland A's or today's Philadelphia 76ers. In any case, their potential for success is no less than their potential for conflict.

Speculation about the likelihood of New York breaking apart from within has focused on Jackson. His explosive bat made him the prize of the free-agent draft—at least according to Steinbrenner, who plunked down \$2.9 million to obtain him—but the new rightfielder is a paradox: within that manly body lies the sensitivity of a child. Jackson needs to be loved, openly and without reservation, and the Yankees are not a loving team. To earn your pinstripes, you must undergo a rite of passage.

Wynn realized this as soon as he arrived from Atlanta. "The players on this team like to get on one another," he says. "Reggie didn't understand that at first. I said if he laughed with them and took part, he'd get along better."

Despite Wynn's good advice, Jackson doubted for a while this spring that he would ever get along under such circum-

stances. Though he never let his teammates or the front office know it, he admitted to a couple of non-baseball acquaintances that his choice of the Yankees seemed a mistake. On a flight in Florida one day, Jackson asked a photographer where he was coming from, and when the photographer said he had just left the Dodger camp, Jackson said that maybe that's where he ought to be.

Although Jackson still has not become completely assimilated, he feels he is making progress. "In the spring there was a lot of give and a lot of take, but no melting together," he says. "It was uncomfortable for everybody. When the press started aggravating the situation, I thought it would have been better for everybody if I had not come at all. I knew the team didn't need the controversy. Besides, this was a great team before I got here. They don't need Reggie Jackson to win."

While conceding that "nobody has been openly antagonistic," Jackson still believes there are those who do not want him around. He has his doubts about one Yankee regular in particular, and he also is skeptical of Martin's feelings. On the other hand, despite an uneasy start, Jackson's relationship with Munson—which many observers thought would be New York's undoing—seems to be good.

"I've never had any problem with Reggie," Munson says. "I know he makes more money than me, but why should I be jealous? I'm happy in life. Being jealous of Reggie would be the most stupid thing in the world."

Apparently, Jackson and Munson only needed to eye each other for a while before agreeing to share their turf. It helped when Steinbrenner had them for breakfast one day in spring training, without telling either that he had invited the other. It helped even more when Munson took time out to talk privately with Jackson before a recent game in Milwaukee.

"Munson and Wynn have been my biggest boosters," says Jackson. "Both have been supportive and understanding. When Thurman and I join forces, can't nobody stop us."

Detente with Martin has not come as easily. Jackson wants to bat fourth, with 282 career home runs and 829 RBIs, he feels he deserves the cleanup spot. Martin, however, prefers First Baseman Chris Chambliss hitting there, because Chambliss is less prone to strike out and be-

cause he handled the job so well last season, even winning the pennant with a bottom-of-the-ninth homer in the fifth game against Kansas City. Jackson also wants to play every day. "I've never sat down against nobody, never," he emphasizes. But with the Yankees, Jackson will occasionally be on the bench—if he is hurt, as he was slightly two weeks ago, or if Martin wants to get someone else into the lineup.

Jackson also may have overestimated the closeness of his relationship with Steinbrenner. True, Steinbrenner did make signing him the team's top priority in the free-agent scramble, although General Manager Gabe Paul preferred Infielder Bobby Grich, but Steinbrenner says, "Reggie does not understand that Billy and I want him to be second to the team. He wants to be 'a,' and he still can be, even bigger than he was in Oakland and Baltimore. But the team comes first."

Martin insists that he really does like Jackson, as a player and as a person. "You never say no to getting a Reggie Jackson," he says, "because he can help the team. I'd play Hitler and Mussolini if it would help us win. Reggie just has to understand the way I do things. On the field I call the shots. I'm going to win or lose my way. I might bat Reggie fourth when he's hot, but with our running game it's best to have a fourth-place hitter who does not strike out a lot."

Although Jackson obviously disagrees, he is smart enough not to argue the point. "It's important for me to get along with my boss," he says. "I'm going to have to take a certain amount. Well, I'll take it, but I won't eat it."

Martin would probably survive an open rift with Jackson, but he is at a distinct disadvantage when dealing with Steinbrenner, who, after all, owns the club. To his credit, Steinbrenner made the Yankees the team they are today. It is also to his credit that even though he may threaten to trade a Munson or a Nettles or fire Martin, he does not act on pique. At least, he hasn't so far.

"I'm intense and I'm a driver," Steinbrenner says. "I'm a firm believer in the old adage that if you're going to lead, lead. I've been involved in everything from the ushers to the dining room to the players' equipment bags. I raise hell if the rest rooms are dirty. But on the field I let Martin do things his way. The

continued



Toronto twice spented Randolph and his mitts



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5-Speed	Hatchback	54 (51)	41 (34)
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	Hondamatic	29

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press wants Billy and me to be like North vs. South. Well, it isn't that way."

In fact, as long as Steinbrenner is satisfied to have his say and leave it at that, the two will get along fine. Martin does not like Steinbrenner meddling with his coaches and players, and he does not like the owner calling him after losses. "I think George understands the way I am," Martin says. "He wants to win just as much as I do, and as the owner he is entitled to ask questions. But he is impulsive. When he gets that way, I just tell him I disagree, that he's making a mistake, and he calms down. Sure, he makes me mad sometimes, really mad. But I'm not stupid. I'm clever to him than any other owner I've ever had. I've gone out with him, and he's fun to be with."

Because he was an assistant freshman football coach at Purdue, Steinbrenner puts great stock in his athletic instincts. He says, in fact, that he knew the Yankees would start the season slowly, because "they were not mentally right." But at the same time he respects Martin's ability to run the club, even if he would like to see Jackson batting third and Munson fourth. Steinbrenner buys, sells and trades the way he wants to. Martin must play with what Steinbrenner gives him, even if he does not always like it. He did not agree with the deal that sent reserve infielder Sandy Adomar to Texas for two minor leaguers. He was glad when a trade fell through that would have brought Bill North and Mike Torrez from Oakland in exchange for Rivers and Ellis. And he concurs with Steinbrenner when the owner admits it was a mistake to let reliever Grant Jackson go in the expansion draft. A trade Martin encouraged was the one that obtained Dent from Chicago, but even then he wished it could have been accomplished at the cost of some player other than Oscar Gombie.

Steinbrenner has given Martin a team that everyone expects will win. And no one expects it more than Steinbrenner does. The owner's biggest concern is what he calls the "fulfill." Martin has suffered after his initial successes in three previous managerial jobs. After winning a division championship with Minnesota in 1969, Martin was fired. Then he finished second and first with Detroit in 1971 and '72 but was dismissed the next year with the team in third place. He took Texas from sixth to second in 1974, but was fired in '75 with the team in

fourth. He was hired by Steinbrenner two weeks later.

"I got Martin because he is what we needed at the time," Steinbrenner says. "His record has been one of instant success, and I knew he could put it together in a hurry. But there's always been a drop, and it's my job to see that it doesn't happen again." And Steinbrenner is in a good position to do that, because Martin's previous firings have been as much an indication of his inability to get along with front offices as they have been a result of his teams' declining performances.

It looked for a while last week as if his falloff with New York had come sooner than anybody expected. After Cuthbert Hunter shut out Milwaukee 3-0 on opening day, the Yankees stopped hitting and a dream that New York's rivals had been having all spring seemed to be coming true. According to that wishful thinking if the Yankees got off to a bad start, their explosive personalities would set off a disastrous chain reaction, with the players squabbling among themselves and Martin locking horns with Steinbrenner and eventually getting the ax. One defect in the big-blowup scenario was New York's easy early schedule, which included six games with Milwaukee, last in the American East in '76, and four with expansion Toronto.

But the Brewers and Blue Jays proved to be anything but pushovers. After their opening victory, the Yankees lost eight of nine. During that stretch, they were defeated in a succession of relatively low-run games by such undistinguished pitchers as Jerry Augustine (twice) and Bob McClure of the Brewers and Dave Lemanczyk and Jerry Garvin of the Blue Jays. In the only loss not sustained at the hands of Milwaukee or Toronto, the Royals beat the Yanks 5-4, holding them hitless for the final eight innings of a 13-inning game.

By the time the slump had run its course, the Yankees, whose \$1.5 million starting lineup is composed entirely of former all-stars, had the worst record in baseball. Hunter was on the 21-day disabled list with an injury sustained in his first start, and Gullett was 0-2. Ellis, Ed Figueroa and Ken Holtzman had all pitched well enough to win, but the hitters had not hit Jackson, Chambliss, Munson and Nettles were all batting less than .200, the runners weren't running (they had only six steals in 14 attempts)

and the fielders weren't fielding (they had 11 errors to their opponents' six).

The low point was reached after the second of two losses to Toronto early last week. "I'm awful relaxed," Martin said mockingly. "Wouldn't you be relaxed if your house was on fire?"

In the next two games—also against Toronto—the Yankee bats finally hit some pitches. That was no surprise, it was bound to happen sooner or later. What was surprising was that the Yankees had survived the slump without rancor arising in the clubhouse or front office. And they broke it with a lineup drawn out of a hat by Jackson, which among other oddities, had Rivers hitting fifth and Chambliss eighth. In ceiling off five straight victories over the Blue Jays and Indians, the Yankees averaged eight runs and 13 hits. In the streak Munson and Jackson had eight hits apiece, and Chambliss broke out with two doubles, a homer and five RBIs in an 8-6 victory over Toronto. Three days later he had a home-loaded double and a three-run homer in a 10-1 defeat of Cleveland.

Martin said he would stick with the new lineup as long as the Yankees won but he did not much like it. He is anxious to unveil the batting order that he thinks will put the Yankees back in the World Series. It will not make Jackson or Munson particularly happy, but it pleases the manager. Rivers would lead off, followed by Munson, Jackson, Chambliss, Nettles, left-handed DH Carlos May, White, Willie Randolph and Dent. Against left-handed pitching, which New York saw seven times in its first 12 games, DH Wynn would bat fifth, with Nettles dropping to sixth.

Like fine furniture, no matter how the lineup is arranged it looks awfully good. At least as long as the Yankees are thinking team baseball. "People talk about our egos and our salaries," says Munson. "but they forget we're also players who have had success and cure for what we do. Pride doesn't allow you to let down. When you start getting killed on the field and booed by the fans (Jackson was greeted by chants of "Reggie! Reggie!" during his first Yankee Stadium game, but was roundly booed in the subsequent losses), pride takes over."

It had better take over for good, because if it does not, the inevitable confrontations will make the spring training furor look like a love feast.

END


DOWN A CRAZY RIVER

... with practically everybody. Blue skies may be up above next week for 500 contestants and 25,000 spectators, but white water will be down below for the 20th running of the Hudson River Derby. Kayakers and canoeists will race in slalom and downriver events, exuberant throngs will crowd the banks cheering them on and the residents of North River and North Creek will hope to survive the annual madness one more time

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MANNY MILLAN & AL SZABO





A full-page photograph of a kayaker navigating a turbulent white-water rapid. The kayaker is wearing a bright red helmet, white goggles, and a colorful, multi-colored patterned shirt. They are seated in a dark-colored kayak, which is partially submerged in the churning water. The water is a mix of white foam and dark, swirling currents. In the background, a steep, rocky bank with green vegetation is visible, partially obscured by the spray of the rapids. The overall scene conveys a sense of intense physical activity and outdoor adventure.

For all the ups and downs and ins and outs of the rapids, humiliation and extreme soggy are the worst that the paddlers have to face.



A DILLY OF A DERBY

Two hundred and twenty-five miles north of Times Square the Hudson River sparkles. A canoeist who drinks from it will live to see another day, and he has a lot to live for—the river is a joy. So is the annual Hudson River White Water Derby, held the first weekend of May, this year for the 20th time. At least 500 canoes and kayakers—men, women and children—will take part. In two days, one for slalom, one for downriver events, more than 25,000 people will watch from shore, and it is hard to say who has more fun, participants or spectators. As one of the latter said last year, "I don't know of anyone who roots for a winner. You root for the race itself."

It begins on Saturday with the novice and giant slalom races, 15 and 20 gates respectively. The giant is the good one to watch. The river narrows at Gate 16, the rapids become more treacherous and a crowd of perhaps 2,000 crams onto a small, brush-covered bar at the river's edge. The front lines, heavy with Nikons and Canons, perch on rocks in the water or plunge in, wearing boots. Competition for the best spot is stiff, and the clanking together of long lenses can be heard above the purling of the Hudson. Thirty feet away is Gate 17, which must be entered backward; those who miss it are like salmon at a falls, straining, getting nowhere and falling back to give way to others. "Go! Go! Go!" the crowd chants. It is easy to relax after Gate 17, but not wise. Last year, the stern paddler of a

two-man canoe raised his arms in exultation and fell overboard. His partner kept paddling and finished second, unaware that he was alone until the laughs and cheers finally made him turn around.

The slalom course is entirely within the town of North River, population 250, normally a quiet hamlet of piney scents and musical brooks. The main drag, Route 28, runs along the slalom course, and this weekend its shoulder will be a wall of campers and vans. The smell of barbecue will fill the air, as will the discordant notes of horns and the clattering of beer cans. Before and after their races the kayakers go about in the dark, waterproof spray skirts that seal them into their cockpits, and late in the day they look like trolls, homely, skinned trolls scurrying around on pale legs whorled with hair and goose-bumped with cold. The town of North River gets a year to recover from all this, and needs it.

Obviously, the first Saturday night of May is the biggest of the year in White Water Derby country. In North Creek, five miles downstream, the Basil and Wicks bar sells 5,000 extra bottles of beer, and a roast beef supper at the United Methodist Church enriches the congregation by \$1,000 or more. Scores of natives spend half the night at the Ski Bowl on Gore Mountain, watching the Derby entrants camping for the weekend. "It's one of our favorite things," says a longtime Derby committee member.

On Sunday morning the 7½-mile downriver race begins. The kayakers gather after breakfast, at the North Creek Delaware and Hudson railroad station, where in 1901 Vice-President Teddy Roosevelt pulled up in a horse-drawn carriage to board the train after President McKinley was shot. T.R. had been camping in the nearby wilderness, and the wilderness is still there.

There are no roads along this stretch of river, but there are three major sets of rapids. A sense of expectation and adventure comes over the paddler as he starts downstream. It is easy to imagine that one is a French trapper in 18th-century Quebec. But daydreams can be dangerous; sudden submersion in 40' water provides instant passage back to the 20th century. Fortunately, the starts are staggered, and there is always someone around to help rescue a man overboard. To do so is a rule of the Derby, and in 19 years no one has drowned.

It is a democratic race: everyone

stands a chance of tipping over. The odds are best—or worst—for those in the 200 or so open, two-man canoes, the Derby's largest class, and this river roulette is the Derby's particular delight to those ashore. The D&H tracks parallel the course, and soon after starting time a happy crowd of 10 or 12 thousand starts trudging up them. Most spectators walk one or two miles to set down their picnic baskets beside Spruce Mountain Rapids, a mile-long pile of barely submerged rocks, the last and most dangerous rapids on the course.

The kayaks are the first to come by, as much under the rapids as in them. They cannot ship water, so they survive. The covered canoes do almost as well. But then, bobbing and bailing their way downstream, come the open canoeists. They look like people in the throes of a roller-coaster ride. There is no remedying mistakes. The wrong eddy, too close to a rock, and whoomp, they bounce down through the rapids, the canoe with clinging arms and legs like some giant cockroach under a running faucet.

Near the end of Spruce Mountain Rapids, 20 feet from shore, there is a perilous, submerged rock, and the canoeists seem strangely drawn to it. The crowd is densest here, and it surges forward as a canoe draws near. The photographers squint. Whoomp, whoomp, over the canoe goes. The long lenses reach out. There is a sound like a plague of click beetles. One photographer was asked last May, "Do you really want to see them go over?" He smiled sheepishly and said, "I don't know what I want to see." Another photographer, who himself had run both the slalom and the downriver, said, "I've had it both ways, and I know what he wants."

The winner of the downriver is usually a kayak; last year's best time was 46:52. One two-man canoe, after tipping over five times, finished in 2:15:46. On the bulletin board at the finish line, along with the many DNFs (Did Not Finish), one FOF (Finished On Foot) was listed. A two-man aluminum canoe had wrapped itself like a horseshoe around a rock. The wife of the bowman was coming up behind on a raft, and he was determined he would scramble ashore before she arrived. "It would have been kind of embarrassing," he said.

But he wasn't that serious about it. No one really cares who wins, loses or wrecks.

—DAN LEVIN

It's hard to say who enjoys the races the most, the contestants or the spectators. What the three canoeists above are enjoying is anybody's guess.

Push Bob Kendler and he'll push back—only harder. Which explains how the multimillionaire builder became the emperor of handball and racquetball

by MORTON SHARNIK

The timbre of the voice is authoritative. The drape of the jacket is just right. He is barbered and manicured to perfection. He looks like a road-show Robert Young. His name is Robert Kendler, he is a 72-year-old multimillionaire home builder in the Chicago area and he is known as the Wizard of Skokie, because of his inventiveness in the realm of handball and racquetball, and as Emperor Bob because of his domination of those sports. A bronzed handball glove has pride of place in his office.

Kendler standardized handball, invented the glass court and brought the game up from the dark, dark basements of YMCAs to the bright lights of posh athletic clubs. In the process, he has fought and won countless battles, first with the AAU and Avery Brundage, then with anyone else who has attempted to invade what he considers his domain. Measured against the standard of the

SERVED UP, IMPERIALLY, UNDER GLASS



most powerful sports authority, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Kendler is the czar of czars. "If you get anything but hears-and-flower quotes on Kendler, I'll be surprised," says a man who has been his adversary over the years. "He's one tough hombre, and who needs the hassle? But I'll say this, he's a genius."

Kendler controls the United States Handball Association and owns its professional counterpart, the National Handball Club, which sponsors a pro tour. And what Kendler has done for handball he is doing for the fast-growing game of racquetball. The doing includes the usual treatment: standardizing the game and the ball, as well as owning and controlling the pro and amateur organizations. In 1968, when Kendler was asked to take over racquetball, it was several games, most notably something called paddle ball, and house rules prevailed. In the eight years since he changed the name of the game to racquetball and married the rules and court to handball, the number of players has doubled and redoubled until there are now a reported

eight million devotees. Last year an estimated 10 million balls were sold at 80¢ each, and all those players and balls are careering around 15,000 new courts. Nonetheless, Kendler regards racquetball as strictly a business proposition. "I wouldn't be caught dead playing racquetball," he says. Recently, while on the way to the handball court, he passed his college-age grandson hurrying to a racquetball game. "Give up that sissy's game and play a man's sport," Kendler said, slapping a palm with his handball gloves.

Kendler was a disadvantaged kid, forced to go to work at 12 to help support his mother and five brothers and sisters after his father left home. He was never involved with sports until he discovered handball as a grown man. That discovery took place around the time Hoover was moving into the White House, and by then Kendler was a wealthy young man about to become poorer. However, rich or poor, through the Depression and three wars Bob Kendler has played handball. "I love it," he says with passion. "It's the only game I've ever played."

Kendler has won a national doubles title five times with three different partners. Not coincidentally, he always played with exceptional partners. Nothing has ever interfered with his handball game. Recently Kendler had a laminectomy, vertebral surgery that left him with a stiff spine—and still he plays. The game is part of his formula for health and happiness. This begins with reading a daily lesson from the Christian Science text, followed by application of the old work ethic (a minimum of 12 hours a day). The formula includes extraordinary devotion to his second wife Evie, to whom he still writes poetry, and handball.

Kendler, who owns \$30 million in North Shore property and almost that much in commercial buildings closer to downtown Chicago, spends a good part of his day playing handball. Time and trouble have always been the price he has paid for his passion.

Almost from the first time Kendler picked up a handball he was at loggerheads with the AAU, which ruled the sport for most of his early years in the

game. Everything about the AAU's administration of the sport disturbed him. "They gave nothing to handball," he says vehemently. "Nothing. All the AAU cared about were those 15 or 16 Olympic sports. Handball was the stepchild." In the 1930s the handball clan would gather on the West Coast, where the game was warmed briefly by the attention of movie stars and personalities. Doug Fairbanks Sr. played it, and Harold Lloyd had his own four-wall court. Those moments in the sun were all too brief for the ambitious Kendler, who railed as the game returned to firehouse lofts and YMCA basements.

In 1943 Kendler was bounced from Chicago's exclusive Lake Shore Club because of an erroneous rumor that he was Jewish. That event proved to be the beginning of the great upheaval in this hitherto quiet game. Shortly after he got the boot, Kendler leased five floors in a Chicago hotel and built the Town Club, a handsome athletic facility. Naturally, the centerpiece was five handball courts, two of them exhibition courts with a glass wall, the first ever built. "I did it for Evie," Kendler says. "I made a spanking clean gallery and a place where for the first time wives could come and watch. Until then, it was a game men played in their dirty underwear with cigar stubs in their mouths and an aroma that was as tough as their language."

The fancy courts with their galleries were much in demand. War with the AAU was undeclared, but certainly the first shots had been fired. Meanwhile, Kendler continued his preparations. He brought in most of the rated players and put them to work for his company, *Community Builders*.

"Push Bob Kendler, and he is going to push back," says Jimmy Jacobs, six times national singles champion and one of handball's legendary figures. "With him it's a conditioned reflex. He is rich and powerful and loves a challenge." The AAU was to learn about those reflexes. In 1950 war finally broke out. "I just got tired of paying for nothing to have the AAU sanction tournaments," Kendler says. "That money never went back to the sport. I knew firsthand, since I had been an AAU commissioner myself."

The next year Kendler founded the United States Handball Association. The USHA and the AAU went after each other, co-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART SHAY



The Wizard of Skokie displays a model of a glass-walled racquetball court in his suburban office



"Handball's the only game I've played," says Kendler, who has won a national doubles five times.

er with batteries of lawyers and a million-dollar lawsuit. The same year Kendler escalated the conflict by scheduling his USHA championship at the same time as the AAU's. Nobody showed up for the AAU tourney except the defending champion, Joe Platak. Some 136 rated players competed in Kendler's tournament, which garnered all the publicity, including a spread in *Lut*. Kendler took care of Platak—"That dog, that ingrate"—by having his clothes removed from his locker at the Town Club and dropped on his desk at work. It was a job, Kendler points out, that Platak owed to Kendler.

At this juncture Brundage, then head of the AAU, decided to intervene in the dispute. "I didn't know Brundage, but I had this false picture," says Kendler. "See, I figured he was a despot, a holy terror." Instead, in the best interests of handball, Brundage sided with the USHA, with Kendler. "From that day until he died, we had the warmest relationship two people could have," Kendler says. Indeed, they became so close that Kendler was best man at Brundage's 1973

wedding to Mariann Princess Reuss in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany.

In keeping with his Teutonic ancestry, Kendler is goal oriented. His construction and realty company headquarters in Skokie, Ill. is a monument to this drive to excel. The business began 40 years ago in a small Cape Cod-style office. Like a skinny person locked into a fat body, the "little cookie," as Kendler calls the Cape Cod, still exists. However, it has since grown into an elaborate Southern colonial with wings: the handball organizations are in the basement, racquetball occupies the attic, and the construction and realty companies are lodged in between.

Kendler's office walls are covered with plaques and pictures. The dominant theme is Eric and the seven Kendler children—five by his first wife—tributes from religious and civic groups and athletic awards such as the Helms and the Centurian Hall of Fame selections and the Frank Leahy Award for handball achievements. Kendler had three sons by his first wife. All three left the family business, and the youngest went into

partnership with Kendler's biggest competitor. But he came back, and so did the others. "That's what's important," says Kendler, who never asked why they left or returned.

Kendler's success in business and sport does not stem so much from his obstinacy as from his imagination and foresight. His first real-estate coup came right in Skokie. He bought a farm in the Chicago suburb with the idea of developing the tract. In the meantime, subdividers had split adjoining property into such narrow strips that they greatly diminished its value. A new zoning regulation suddenly increased the required frontage and put the sidewinders on the run. Kendler was waiting at the border, cash in hand, to buy them out. After that he developed a 20-square-block section of Skokie, which was christened Kendale.

In 1948 he began acquiring large North Shore estates and ultimately bought over a thousand choice acres for a fraction of their potential value. "Anybody might have done the same thing," he says, "if they had the initiative and guts to tie up a million bucks for 25 years while waiting for the market to develop." The first acquisition cost him \$450,000. It was the Edith Rockefeller McCormick estate, built for over \$7 million. It contained such niceties as a Japanese tea house, a servants' compound with quarters for 100, and 29 rooms for visiting chauffeurs. "It wasn't a bad shack for a poor kid from Milwaukee," says Kendler, who never lived on the estate but kept it until the market was ready to develop.

Despite his knack for making money, Kendler is not primarily a speculator; he is a builder in the sense of empires, big and small. He has become an august name in the construction trade and is the author of a number of FHA regulations on home remodeling. Inevitably, he has been appointed to boards and commissions involved with land regulations.

Smart as he is in the ways of high finance, Kendler has been stung. In 1965 the Internal Revenue Service charged that he had spent in excess of a million dollars on handball and had written it off against the construction company. The IRS felt Kendler owed them a big chunk in taxes. Kendler claimed the million-odd write-off was for industrial recreation. It was in the Phillips 66 Company's basketball teams, corporate pub-

continued

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lations, goodwill and all that sort of thing. The IRS persisted, and as Kendler says, "We settled on a figure of \$400,000 that I owed, and I was glad to get away at that."

Kender's willingness to spend money on handball is one reason he is the czar of cars, although he sees himself as a benevolent Big Daddy. "It is nice to have a Pop to turn to," he says, referring to himself. "Over the years I've been called on to bail handball guys out of everything from financial scrapes to the law to girl trouble, and they never got turned away empty-handed."

According to Kendler, appeals for help come at all hours of the day and night, most often early in the morning. Frequently they come from Paul Haber, the prodigal son of handball. A few years back, just before Watergate, Kendler received a 2 a.m. West Coast call. Kendler assumed the caller was Haber, who lives on the Coast. He shouted, "Gotcha Haber," and hung up. It turned out to be Maurice Stans, the former Republican Party treasurer and Nixon Cabinet member. Nevertheless, whether out of embarrassment or pique, Kendler decided Haber had had it. "I was weary of picking up his bad paper, checks and debts," Kendler says, "and I told him so. That was it. No more. But Haber had a clever reply. He told me that it was a small enough price to pay for all the pleasure he had given me on the handball court. And he was right."

Meanwhile, the constant demand for funds and the episode with the IRS convinced Kendler that one man could not support a sport as a charity. "A sport should be businesslike and carry itself," Kendler says. To that end, handball and racquetball have developed an income of more than one million dollars a year. Most of the money derives from product royalties, which, as Kendler modestly points out, spring from his ingenuity. For instance, he receives a dollar a dozen for the official U.S. racquetball, which he designed, and 16¢ for a can of two handballs, a marketing device Kendler originated. Every imaginable source is tapped, from gloves, which he helped design, on down to official court shoes. The revenues are paid to the four racquetball and handball organizations that Kendler owns or controls. Precisely how the money is divided up remains a mystery—intentionally. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that this \$1 million

income has been one of the best kept secrets of the last 20 years, or that the players have been in constant turmoil trying to find out how much the sports bring in and where it comes from. "This particular knowledge is going to mean big trouble for me," Kendler says. "The players will want to spend the million now, today, this year. I tell you, if you back off from these people, if these players think they have the upper hand, then you're dead. The minute they think they own the organization, you've made yourself one big headache. They'll eat you alive."

Seven years ago Kendler had to act quickly to quell a minor uprising organized by the free-spirited Haber, whom Kendler considers to be from the dark side of the moon. Haber had put together a pro schedule with the aid of a financial backer, and they had signed players to preliminary agreements. The players met clandestinely at midnight to thrash out the final plans. Sometime in the early morning, before the final pen strokes, a messenger arrived with orders from Kendler: "Don't sign. Report to the office at once. Everyone, except Haber and his backer." Dutifully the rebels arrived at headquarters about 3 a.m. Kendler warned them, "If this pro tour fails, you will not be welcomed back in the USHA. And the pro tour will fail." The rebellion was over. Three years later Kendler established his own pro tour, which Haber joined on Kendler's terms.

Jimmy Jacobs, a Kendler watcher for more than 20 years, says Kendler's reaction to Haber's rebellion was completely in character. "Bob Kendler has lots of money and enormous power and will use both without reluctance," he says. "He is one of a kind, an original." Kendler is the vanished American, the relentless, Midwestern tycoon out of a Frank Norris novel, a man of absolute certainty in the correctness of his acts. "Rectitude," one handball player calls it.

It was this sense of rectitude, as well as a strong dose of outrage, that led to the big schism in racquetball. In 1971, three years after Kendler had taken on racquetball, shaped it and put it on the road to success, the directors of the International Racquetball Association demanded an accounting. In essence, the IRA was dissatisfied with Kendler's close-to-the-vest, one-man rule. "We weren't questioning Kendler's honesty," says an IRA officer. "It was just a matter of the democratic process." The demo-

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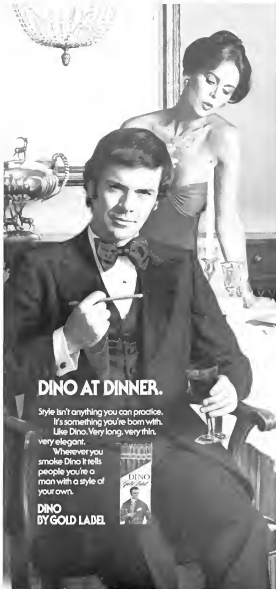
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KENDLER *continued*

cratic process collided with the autocratic Kendler. He refused to play by the dissent directors' regulations and left. Stormed out. Before leaving, Kendler warned the parliamentarians that he would found his own racquetball organization and bury the IRA.

Kendler claims both events have come to pass. The United States Racquetball Association has outdistanced the IRA. "In fact, the IRA doesn't know where it's at," says Kendler smugly. "They could use my high-handedness. Indeed, they would dearly like to merge with my USRA, but I'm not interested." It goes beyond pique. Kendler simply cannot stomach ingrates. "Gratitude is found only in the dictionary," he says without bitterness. Time has not healed this particular wound.

Meanwhile, the sport has exceeded even Kendler's expectations. Swank court facilities are being built at a rate of more than 500 a year, and that means not only racquetball courts, but handball courts as well. Racquetball has the more dynamic growth because it is a game women also play, although it has failed to attract the 35- to 50-year-old matrons who did so much to make indoor tennis the rage.

One of Kendler's creations is a billious green racquetball. He recognized the need for a distinctive piece of equipment and sold the idea to Seasco Division of Dart Industries. Seasco wanted to get a foothold in racquetball, and only for this reason was it persuaded to take on the strange ball whose color was difficult to mix. "I told them Father Bob knows best, to do it my way," says Kendler. He took it a step further and went to the Seasco plant in La Grange, Ga., where he talked with the engineers and chemists and showed them how to make the ball green. Last year more than six million green balls were sold. The color black, Kendler believes, is all that stands in the way of using portable glass competition courts in handball; you can't follow the black ball coming off the glass. He feels that total glass would make the game attractive to television and mass audiences. A red ball would do the trick, but the manufacturer has not been able to cast the required color.

Recently, Paul Haber considered Bob Kendler through glass, the bottom of a glass of whiskey. He was sitting with his wife Mary at the bar of the World Famous in Pacific Beach, Calif., the site of

continued

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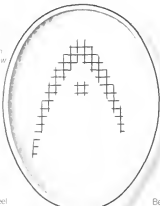
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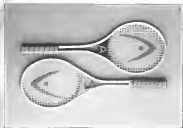
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KENDLER continued

infamous celebrations of the equally infamous Over The Line championships (Sl. Aug. 4, 1975). It is a place Kendler would never frequent.

"Much of what Kendler did was brilliant, like taking on racquetball," says Haber. "Personally, he has helped me beyond the call of duty, gone the distance, when to go that far cost him \$25,000 in lawyers, court fees and bail. He never complained and wouldn't quit. Fine.

"A few years before, he tried to keep me out of the Nationals at Salt Lake City because I had just gotten out of jail, and handball's image would be defiled by a jailbird. It took lawyers, courts and the threat of an injunction to get Kendler to back off. What does it all mean? Whatever he does, it is for purely selfish reasons, for the benefit and glory of Bob Kendler."

Mary Haber was clearly angered by her husband's harsh judgment. "Why can't you leave Kendler alone?" she demanded. "Why can't you accept all the good he's done you? He's getting old, and he deserves better." Haber was unmoved.

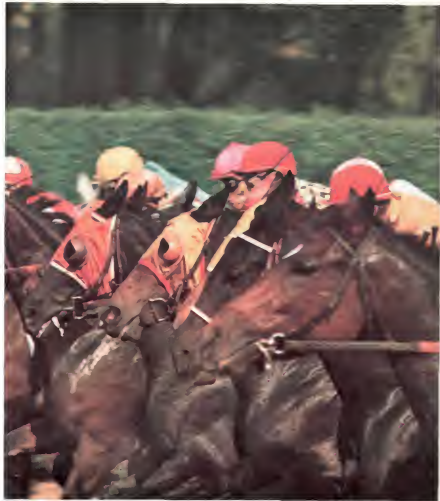
Kender pays little attention to criticism. But old is another matter. Bob Kendler is relatively unmarked by time, while his enemies grow older. "The best handball players in the world ask me for a game," he said the other day in his office, "and it's not because I sign their checks, either."

Instead of slowing down, Kendler is speeding up. He has grand plans for a national Hall of Fame for handball and racquetball and is working on a glass exhibition court for the televising of the championships of both sports. "A Wimbledon," Kendler describes it.

In addition, Kendler has launched campaigns to introduce his sports to Europe and Asia. Further down the line is the transformation of handball from an exclusively male activity to a family sport. "The ball's a killer," said Kendler. "It hurts the hand. Any place it hits, it leaves a bruise. A killer for girls or small kids, and we've got to change it. Right now, we're working on the ball."

Kender paused to watch a jay and a grackle fight for possession of the bird feeder outside his office window. It was the sort of squabble with which he had long been familiar. "After I'm gone," he said, "I want them to say Kendler made a contribution to kids, a great contribution to the game he loved, to handball. Now that's the epitaph I want."

END



THEY'RE OFF!

THE FOLLOWING 16 PAGE ADVERTISING SECTION CONTAINS PHOTOGRAPHS, INFORMATION AND ANECDOTES ABOUT THE NINE MAGNIFICENT HORSES WHO RACED TO EQUINE IMMORTALITY.

A fever seizes the professional horseman in the season of the Triple Crown now upon us. To win the Derby, he'd cheerfully sell his best friend into bondage. To win the Preakness and Belmont as well, he'd mortgage his soul.

The Triple Crown concept germinated in the early 1930s after Pimlico faced the inevitable, agreed to play second jewel, and scheduled the Preakness on a regular basis following the Derby. The Maryland classic was once run a few days before the Kentucky race, forcing some contenders to train in boxcars. In 1917 and 1922, both races were run on the same day.

All of this has reduced Pimlico publicist Chick Lang to flying over Louisville at Derby time dropping balloons with the suggestion that their race is a prep for the Preakness. He likes to say, too, that Preakness-eve has something Derby-eve does not have; namely, the winner of the Derby.

The late Charlie Hatton claimed credit for the Triple Crown idea. During a Belmont dawn years ago, he told me that he had first used the term in a *Morning Telegraph* column in 1935 because he had found it laborious to bat out the names of the races over and over again every Spring.

"These races are sort of a road show," he said. "Calling them the 'Triple Crown' was something of a reportorial dodge. It kind of fell out of my typewriter."

Like Bill Corum's "Run for the Roses," the tagline caught on and within a few years it was appearing in the sports pages.

It was not until 1960, however, that the Thoroughbred Racing Association (TRA), saw the Triple Crown



UPPER LEFT: Trophies from left to right, The Kentucky Derby, The Preakness, The Belmont Stakes, and The Triple Crown (foreground).

LOWER LEFT: Earle Sende, William Woodward
BELOW: "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons.



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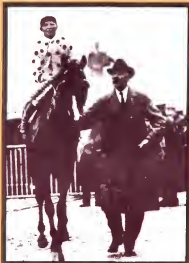


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idea as a way of further capitalizing upon the excitement generated every year by the Derby. The race-track association had Cartier's design a Triple Crown trophy and proceeded to award it retroactively to the eight horses that had won the races up to that time.

Trophies went to Commander J.K.L. Ross's **Sir Barton**, trained by H. Guy Bedwell, ridden by Johnny Loftus, 1919; William Woodward's **Gallant Fox**, trained by James "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons, ridden by Earl Sande, 1930, and Gallant Fox's son, **Omaha**, ridden by Willie "Smoky" Saunders, 1935; Samuel D. Riddle's **War Admiral**, trained by George Conway, ridden by Charlie Kurtzinger, 1937; Calumet Farm's **Whirlaway**, trained by Ben A. Jones, ridden by Eddie Arcaro, 1941; Mrs. John D. Hertz's **Count Fleet**, trained by Don Cameron, ridden by Johnny Longden, 1943; King Ranch's **Assault**, trained by Max Hirsch, ridden by Warren Mehrtens, 1946; and Calumet's **Citation**, trained by Ben Jones, ridden by Eddie Arcaro, 1948.

Twenty-five years then followed without a winner. Each May the ninth Triple Crown trophy was removed from its red box at the TRA office and sent over to Cartier's silver-polishing department. After the Belmont in June, it was returned to its box. Finally, in 1973, the trophy went home with Penny Tweedy's **Secretariat**, trained by Lucien Laurin, ridden by Ron Turcotte.

The Triple Crown races extend over a five-week period starting with the one and one-quarter mile Kentucky Derby at Louisville's Churchill Downs on the first Saturday in May. Two weeks later they run the mile and three-sixteenths Preakness at Pimlico Race Course in Baltimore, with the one and one-half-mile Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park on Long Island in early June.

First run in 1875 at one and one-half miles and later shortened to the present distance, the Derby is slightly younger than the Preakness, 1873, and the Belmont, 1867. But the Derby is this country's oldest continuously run classic for three-year-olds, and breeders consider it the most significant test

UPPER LEFT: Sir Barton

LEFT: Gallant Fox, 1930, Earle Sande up

LOWER LEFT: Omaha, Belmont Stakes, 1935, W. Saunders up.

BELOW: War Admiral, Belmont Stakes, 1937, C. Kurtzinger up.

RIGHT: Calumet Trophy Room



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LEFT: Colonel M. Lewis Clark.

MIDDLE LEFT: Churchill Downs Grandstand, 1922.

LOWER LEFT: Colonel Matt J. Winn

of the 28,000 plus thoroughbred foals dropped on U.S. farms yearly.

"They watch the Derby with almost hypnotic concentration because it is, to breeders of thoroughbreds, the most important race of all," wrote the late Joe Estes, editor of *The Blood-Horse*. "For it is racing which reveals good horses and good mares, first through their own performances; and second, through the performances of their produce. And the most important single race in America for this purpose is the Kentucky Derby because, with fewer exceptions than must be made for any other race, it brings together for a test of their racing class, and hence of their potential breeding class, the best horses from every crop of foals."

Father of Churchill Downs and the Kentucky Derby was Colonel M. Lewis Clark, who, as an urbane young Louisvillian, returned from a trip to England in the early 1870s afire with a plan to establish a series of races modeled upon the Derby Stakes at Epsom Downs and other classics such as the Oaks for fillies. He envisioned such races as a way to publicize Kentucky-bred race horses, the market for which had nearly dried up after the Civil War.

Turf, Field and Farm magazine said of him in 1897:

"He prophesied that the winner of the Kentucky Derby within 10 years would be worth, or sell for more money than, the farm on which he was bred and raised, and that one offspring of a Kentucky Derby winner would fetch more as a yearling than did his sire and dam combined."

The magazine observed that the prediction had already come true.

Colonel Matt J. Winn came along after the turn of the century and it was he who transformed the Derby into a race of national and international stature by courting the big Eastern owners and the syndicated sports writers in New York. When Harry Payne Whitney won the 1915 Derby with his filly Regret, the race was on its way, and two years later Emil Herz established the first winter book which gave it another boost.

"It is no longer possible to write anything new about Colonel Matt Winn," said the late Joe H. Palmer in *This Was Racing*. "He came into Kentucky through Cumberland Gap (it is a baseless legend that he cut it himself) about 1770. After clearing the land of casebrakes and Indians, he gave his mind to further improvement and invented bourbon whiskey, the thoroughbred horse, hickory-cured ham, and Stephen Foster. It was not until 1875 that he risked the combination of all these elements and produced the first Kentucky Derby."

There is nothing like the Derby, especially one's first Derby. When the big field streaks past the twin-

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spired grandstand first time 'round, the Balklavian thunder of hooves echoes through the roar of the crowd and machinegun patter of the track announcer giving the call.

The horses run hard to the first turn to get position; they run hard down the backstretch to maintain it; they run hard to the wire down the long home-stretch that one scribe called "Heartbreak Lane."

"It's a 'survival' race," says trainer Lucien Laurin of Riva Ridge and Secretariat fame.

There's a saying among jockeys that "you take your best hold," in the Derby, for there is only one Derby, and a horse gets only one shot at it. The stewards have never taken down a horse's number because of a jockey's rough riding—not even in 1933 when Don Meade on Broker's Tip and Herb Fisher on Head Play had their celebrated wrestling match coming down to the wire.

Eddie Arcaro has said that in an ordinary race, jockeys will make way for one another if real danger suddenly looms. "But in the Derby," he says, "they come from all over, and there is no quarter given. When you go into a spot, you are in there by yourself."

The moment the winner flashes across the finish, speculation begins about whether he'll be able to win the Preakness, and the horses go aboard vans for the trip to Baltimore. Horses now start dropping by the wayside and the Preakness field is usually smaller than that of the Derby, the Belmont smaller than the Preakness.

Today, rebuilt and modernized, once-charming "Old Hilltop" is unfortunately just another racetrack plopped down in a depressing section of a big city, its stable area covered with tarmac and so cluttered with automobiles that horses have to step nimbly to



UPPER RIGHT: Whirlaway, 1941, Belmont Stakes, Eddie Arcaro up.

MIDDLE RIGHT: Count Fleet, 1943, Belmont Stakes, Johnny Longden up.

LOWER RIGHT: Assault, Belmont Stakes, 1946, Warren Mehrtens up.

BELOW: Pimlico Race Course.





avoid getting hung up on a bumper. But there's only one Preakness, too, and it has its own traditions and character.

First off, there's Preakness, the horse for whom the race is named, and his fatal run-in with the evil Duke of Hamilton.

On the day that Pimlico opened in 1870, Preakness won the main event, the Dinner Party Stakes. After the horse went on to further glory at Jerome Park and other tracks in the North, the race was named for him in 1873. (For collectors of trivia, Preakness is an Indian word meaning "quail woods.")

In time, Preakness was shipped to England where he campaigned successfully and was eventually sold to the Duke, a choleric individual. Preakness had his own problems, and with age developed an equally unpleasant temper.

One day in 1881, Preakness must have lashed out at the Duke with his heels, or given him a good nip, for Hamilton took out his pistol and shot dead this son of the immortal Lexington. An uproar of national dimensions resulted and all sorts of laws for the protection of animals were passed. It was too late for Preakness, of course.

To the Preakness winner goes a replica of the Woodlawn Vase, believed to be the oldest and most valuable of all American sporting trophies, an amazing piece of silversmithing aswarm with little horses, jockey caps, stirrups that flip up and down, winged victories, and elaborate floral patterns, nearly three feet tall. Appraised for \$500,000 in 1971, the trophy was designed by Tiffany's in 1860 for the long-gone Woodlawn Racing Association in Louisville. After many and varied travels, the trophy found its way to Baltimore where it sits in a vault all year growing more valuable with the rising price of silver.

UPPER LEFT: Citation, 1948, Belmont Stakes, Edde Arcara up
LEFT: The Preakness Trophy.
BELOW: Belmont Park



NEW YORK RACING ASSOCIATION

The Preakness is crabcakes and beer, and "Maryland My Maryland" when the horses step onto the track. During the running, a man stands on a ladder in the infield ready to paint the winning owner's colors on a horse-and-jockey weathervane the moment it's official. Over the winning animal's neck goes a blanket of daisies whose centers have been painstakingly blackened with shoe polish by a local artist to make them resemble the State flower, black-eyed Susans, which are not in bloom at this time of year.

Beautiful Belmont, as it calls itself with considerable justification, is more sedate than Churchill Downs and Pimlico. No mobs in centerfield, just a big silver trophy, carnations, and "The Sidewalks of New York."

Secretariat aside for the moment, Belmont has had its moments on Stakes day. In 1971, a record crowd shoved through the turnstiles, including thousands of Venezuelans and others of Latin descent. They had come to cheer on Canonero II, an expatriate Kentucky-bred. Alas, Canonero should never have run. Exhausted and sore-legged from his Derby win and record Preakness, he faded to fourth after gamely running in the lead for a mile.

So much for the tracks. As for the Triple Crown winners, they had one thing in common: They were "running horses," as they say in the Bluegrass. Each one of them left behind stirring two-minute memories.

... Sir Barton had never won a race coming up to the 1919 Derby where his assignment in the driving rain was to set the pace and run the favorite, J. W. McClelland's Eternal, into the ground so his more highly regarded stablemate, Billy Kelly, could then come on for the roses. Before anyone realized it, Sir Barton had won the race—and he kept on winning. His breeder, the fabled John E. Madden, once said, "no foot, no horse." But Sir Barton was an exception. He had soft, shelly hooves and he was forever losing his shoes in races. Despite felt pads between hoof and iron, his feet pained him, and perhaps for this reason he was mean as a snake, caring naught for fellow

animals or for man.

... Gallant Fox was by Sir Gallahad III, one of the first big syndicated stallions. He had a great deal of whiteness in his right eye and it was claimed that this frightened and hexed his opponents. "The Fox of Belair" had a great deal of curiosity and would count the house as he ran along. His was not a vintage three-



NEW YORK RACING ASSOCIATION

ABOVE: Belmont Stakes Cup.

LOWER LEFT: Helen "Penny" Tweedy.

LOWER RIGHT: Jimmy Jones and Ben Jones



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The Kentucky Derby Trophy

Secretariat



four-old year, and I'm told on the best authority that the Fox came buck-jumping into more than one paddock with "all his lights on," these being the days before the saliva test had been implemented.

...Omaha was a big, homely, honest kind of horse and he was a stayer. He's remembered for a stirring finish in England's Ascot Gold Cup which he lost by a nose to a hometown filly named Quashed in the days before the photofinish.

...Man o' War's finest colt, little War Admiral more closely resembled his dam, Brushup. Like his Daddy, he liked to rear and plunge and delay the start of a race, and like Big Red, he was dead game. He's remembered for his head-to-head duel with Pompoon the length of the Preakness stretch, and his Belmont where he cut his hoof severely coming out of the gate and trailed blood around the entire course.

...Whirlaway had psychological problems and he ran so fast as a two-year-old that he couldn't make the turns and kept ricocheting off the far rail. Ben Jones put strong-armed Eddie Arcaro in the saddle and equipped Whirly with that famous one-eyed blinker which let him see only the inside rail and the rest is history. Dan Parker of the New York *Mirror* asked pointedly why Whirly's saliva hadn't been tested at Louisville after his record-setting win, but later apologized when the horse won his other Triple Crown races just as impressively.

...Some sportswriters spoke of Count Fleet in the same breath with Man o' War. He had the distinction of being the son of a Derby winner, Reigh Count, 1928 (with Chick Lang's father of the same name in the irons), and the sire of a Derby winner, Count Turf, 1951. He won the Belmont Stakes by 25 lengths, a record until Secretariat came along, and then broke down. In his old age he had one shameful secret: He was afraid of the dark and had to be taken into the stable every night.

...Assault stepped on a surveyor's stake one day on the King Ranch and it left him with a disfigured hoof and an awkward gait when walking. It didn't keep him from running, though, and experts like Darby Dan Farms' Olin Gentry consider him one of the best of the Triple Crowners.

...Citation was in a class by himself, the first equine millionaire, a horse that could sprint with the sprinters, and stay with the stayers. He had no particular eccentricities; he just did everything perfectly. A super horse whom some rate over Man o' War, and yes, even Secretariat.

A number of theories have been put forward to explain why no horses managed to win the Triple Crown between Citation and Secretariat. Marvin Drager emphasizes in *The Most Glorious Crown* that there was an explosive growth in the foal crop during that quarter-century period. Citation was one of 5,819 foals of 1945, whereas Secretariat was one of 24,954 in 1970, so the competition has increased tremendously. Others blame it on the fact that these races put too much strain on young horses.

It's not generally realized that the Derby comes at a time of year when most of the candidates have barely turned three years old. They become three officially on January 1 of their Derby year, it's true. But Riva Ridge, for example, did not literally reach 36 months until a few weeks before the 1972 Derby, which he won.



Heart specialist

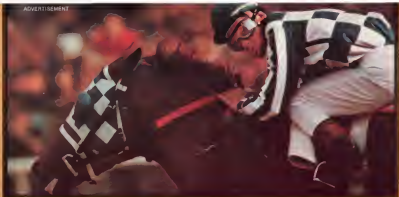
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Secretariat, The Belmont Stakes, 1973, Ron Turcotte up.

These animals have not fully matured, yet they are called upon to run a mile and one quarter carrying 126 pounds (121 for fillies) against the fittest survivors of a foal crop now nearing 30,000 annually.

Count Fleet in 1943, Dark Star in '53, Tim Tam in '58, Dancer's Image in '68, and Majestic Prince in '69, are among the many who fell victim to the pressure.

Then along came Secretariat in 1973, a tremendously powerful animal, the exception that proves the rule. Even before the son of Bold Ruler ran in the Triple Crown races, 32 investors paid \$190,000 a share—\$6,080,000—to syndicate him. The colt then weighed 1,200 pounds, putting his value at \$317 an ounce, higher than the price of gold.

In storybook fashion, Secretariat answered the investors' dreams of another Man o' War. He came

from behind in the Derby to set a record; he looped the Preakness field on the club house turn; he won the Belmont by 31 eerie lengths, nearly a sixteenth of a mile—again in record time.

Joe H. Palmer, the most literate of turf writers, said: "To men who have never seen a horse race, and never will, the twin towers of Churchill Downs and the roaring lane to finish of the Kentucky Derby have symbolized racing."

The Kentucky Derby is America's greatest horse race. It ranks with the World Series, the Indianapolis 500, the Davis Cup, the Super Bowl. The Derby is "the most exciting two minutes in sports."

The 1977 Kentucky Derby, the first leg of the treasured Triple Crown, should be no exception.

By Peter Chew

Churchill Downs, Derby Day, 1975.





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And then there is Willie McCovey. Just when it seems the professional sports world is peopled exclusively with greedy cynics for whom such words as "loyalty" and "sentiment" are as alien as an inscription on the Rosetta Stone, along comes a McCovey to restore what remains of innocence. That there are such gentlemen on our playing fields is comfort enough, that Willie McCovey should be there at an age, 39, when he should be reaching for the pope and shipwreckers instead of a Louisville Slugger, is an unexpected bonus.

McCovey, playing every day after several seasons of mostly part-time work, has been driving in roughly a run a game for the San Francisco Giants and has a batting average of .314. Even more remarkably, he has been playing first base with youthful fervor, snatching errant throws out of the dirt and the skies with great flapping motions, flagging down potential base hits with regularity. And every now and then he will reach back and launch the sort of rocket that caused him to be one of the most feared power hitters of his generation. Of his 16 hits, four have been home runs and four doubles. His slugging average is .627.

Anyone who has hit as many home runs as McCovey—469 to date—has his athletic credentials in order. What sets McCovey apart from the ordinary run of ballplayer is his deep attachment to and love for his team. The Giants, he will say unabashedly, are "family to me." Although he agreed to the trade that sent him to San Diego three years ago, he was never comfortable in Southern California and he openly longed for a return to San Francisco. His despair was only partially assuaged when the Padres dealt him off to the Oakland A's last September. Still, McCovey never had any doubt that someday he would return to the Giants. It was, in fact, his understanding that he would simply put in two years in San Diego helping that struggling franchise attract some fans. His duty performed, he would come home again. "I thought I'd be free to call my own shot," he says, "but the people down there must not have thought I was serious. They wanted too much for me and a deal

I'll come home to you, said Willie

And so he has. In the town where little cable cars climb halfway to the stars, so do 39-year-old McCovey's rockets

with San Francisco was never made."

He finally got home on his own hook as a free agent. This spring he checked in to the Giants' training camp as a non-roster player, but his confidence in his ability to make the team never wavered. Not everyone was so sure of him. In 71 games with the Padres last year he hit only .203 with seven homers, and in 11 late-season games with the A's he hit .208 with no extra-base hits and no runs batted in. It looked to many baseball people as if a brilliant career was at an end. Joe

Altobelli, the new Giants manager, was not one of these. He and McCovey had a long talk before spring training about his chances. "Joe gave me the impression he wanted me," says McCovey. "He more or less assured me that unless I completely fell on my face, I'd have a job." Still, that job looked to be a part-time one—some first base, but with a primary responsibility as a left-handed pinch hitter.

McCovey reported to spring training in peak condition. His weight was down to 215 pounds from 230 or more at the end of last season and his arthritic knees were troubling him less than they had in "10 or 12 years." He had an outstanding spring and won sole possession of first base, a position he had had pretty much to himself throughout his career with the Giants. "He earned every bit of it," says Altobelli. "He is just a super individual. Each day I admire him more."

McCovey is elated. "I've never felt I belonged anywhere but here," he says. "Putting on a San Diego uniform seemed strange to me. It didn't feel like mine. It didn't feel like my team. I'd been in the Giant organization for 19 years. I couldn't really get away from the team. I'd always look at their box scores first in the paper and I'd find myself hanging around with ex-Giants wherever I was. Like I said, it's like family. I've continued to live in and around San Francisco. I expect I always will."

If there was any question in McCovey's mind about where he belonged, it was dispelled last September when he played in his first home game with the A's. "I got a standing ovation as I came to bat. I was deeply touched. I knew there were a lot of Giant fans in that crowd. I knew they were welcoming me home. I was just on the wrong side of the Bay, that's all."

He is on the right side this time, and Opening Day in San Francisco proved it. He was the last player to be introduced, and the response he elicited from a crowd of more than 40,000 reduced him to tears. For several minutes the fans stood and applauded him. Not in many years—probably not since he left—had there been so much noise in Candlestick Park. McCovey is beyond

continued



argument the most popular player in the history of the San Francisco franchise. Willie Mays was admired, but he was the creation of New York. McCovey's career began in San Francisco. He settled in quickly and became a part of the city, a popular speaker, a willing participant in any team promotion, in any civic event. He had a natural dignity and modesty that charmed the citizenry in ways Mays never could. It seems more than merely coincidental that in McCovey's first three games at home this season the Giants drew more than 100,000 fans, nearly a sixth of what they attracted all of last season. The cheering had begun again.

"It had all been pretty routine until then," McCovey said last week. "Spring training was the usual thing. But Opening Day—that was something. I knew then what it felt like to be a Giant. I knew then that there is still some loyalty around." And if you are a Giant fan, it is good to have a loyal guy like Willie McCovey around again.

THE WEEK

(April 17-23)
by JIM KAPLAN

AL EAST Last year Detroit gave us The Bird. This year it's The Rose. After rookie Dave Rozema shut out the Red Sox 8-0 for his first victory, he celebrated by handing out long-stemmed roses to his teammates and the press.

Even before that no one was about to accuse Rozema (pronounced rose-ma) of being a shrinking violet. Like The Bird, he rushes to the mound, puggles a bit and shakes a lot of hands when he is happy. After his win he also placed the last ball in his locker. "It's still hot," he said. On Rozema's first day in the Tiger system, he reported wearing white shoes, a yellow glove and shoulder-length blond hair. The organization made him dye his shoes gray and get a haircut, while his minor league mates swiped his glove. But no one is monkeying with Rozema's style. In the shutout he allowed four hits and no walks—in 21 innings he has walked just three men. Unfortunately, the Tigers won only one other game last week, and lost three.

Toronto (2-3) held New York to a .500 draw by taking two of four in Yankee Stadium. Doug Auld went 8-14 and Otto Velez 9-15 in the series, while rookie Jerry Garvin won his third straight 8-3 and Dave Lemanczyk won 5-1 on four hits. Milwaukee (3-2)

stayed in first, but Manager Alex Grammas posted storm warnings as his hot pitchers began to show signs of wilting. "We can't make our pitchers throw shutouts every time out," he said. "I'm going to have five or six guys out early and get them some extra hitting. We're just not popping the ball."

Boston (3-3) was put up for sale by the estate of Tom Yawkey, but the Red Sox certainly weren't helping the deal on the field. They could do no better than split series with Detroit and Cleveland, and George Scott continued to hit at around .200. "The Good Man above controls everything," said Scott. "When He is ready to make George Scott hit his 30 home runs and drive in 100 runs. He will." So far Scott has had no homers and only two RBIs.

Cleveland (1-5) pulled Outfielder Johnny Grubb off the injured list, which made sense: the Indians need all the help they can get. To make room for Grubb the club opened Outfielder Charlie Spikes to Toledo and planned to move Buddy Bell from left to third. But the real problem was pitching. The Indians' staff had no complete games and had allowed 35 runs.

The only joyful cries in the division came from Baltimore, winner of all five of its games. Jim Palmer hurled his second straight shutout, a 5-0 three-hit masterpiece against Texas, and Rom Grimsley stopped the Rangers 6-1 on six hits. Then Rudy May beat Cleveland 4-3 as Al Bumbry, Doug DeCinces and rookie Eddie Murray all homered. The best was still to come. When Cleveland scored three times in the 10th to go ahead 5-2, the Associated Press began to move a story about a Tribe victory. The AP forgot about Brooks Robinson. After the Orioles scored one run and put two men on in their half of the 10th, the 39-year-old player-coach appeared as a pinch hitter and homered to win the game 6-5. "It's a tough job going in as a pinch hitter," said Robinson, "but I'll always feel like a kid when I put this uniform on." Said Manager Earl Weaver: "It brought tears to my eyes, that's what it did. The man has been so good for baseball. He's such a great person. That has to affect you. I think I might have to revise my list of all-time thrills." Next night the Birds blasted their ex-mate, millionaire Indian Wayne Garland, 7-2 on nine hits.

MIL 8-4 BAL 6-4 TOR 7-7 NY 5-8
CLEV 4-7 BOS 4-7 DET 5-0

AL WEST The White Sox (3-2) moved into first place on good pitching and unaccustomed power. Chicago beat Oakland's Vida Blue 8-2 with four homers, including two by Richie Zisk. "It was strength against strength, just like in the National League. He's a power pitcher, and I got some good ones to hit," said ex-Pirate Zisk. Eric Soderholm then rocked Nolan

Ryan for two singles and a homer, scoring or driving in all the runs as Chicago beat California 3-2. White Sox Pitchers Ken Brett, Chris Knapp and Fransisco Barron each got his second win during the week.

Oakland (2-3) clung to second but began fearing for the future. "The pitchers in this league are seeing us for the first time," said rookie Shortstop Rob Piccolo. "We may not do so well the second time around." Actually, the A's veterans are the source of most current concern, most notably the witless Blue Vida who entered the 3-year-old cap he has been insisting on wearing despite its tattered condition. "That's it. I don't want to hear any more about the damned thing. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Happier was Rich McKinney, who had quit his job as a truck driver when summoned to the Oakland camp three weeks into spring training. McKinney hit his third homer, helping Mike Torrez get his third win. Then a strong six-inning performance by Jim Unshar gave some credence to owner Charlie Finley's view that he has the strongest staff in the division.

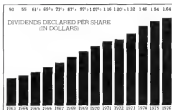
California (2-3) had a game postponed when the lights went out in Anaheim Stadium, but there was no power failure in Joe Rudi's bat. He drove in seven runs and led the majors with 22. The pitching outlook was not so bright, although Wayne Simpson beat Milwaukee 7-4 for his first major league win since 1975.

Larry Gura had a win and two saves as Kansas City took four of six, but hardly anyone on the club was satisfied. "I've never seen a game that bad," said Manager Whitey Herzog after the Royals dropped a 3-2 decision to Minnesota and botched five scoring opportunities. Pitcher Paul Splittorff accused Twins Coach Tony Oliva of signaling the location of the K.C. catcher's glove to Minnesota hitters. "Splittorff shouldn't have said anything," Herzog said. "The best way to stop that stuff is to have the catcher hold his target outside and then knock down the batter." If anything, it was the Twins (5-2) who were knocking them down. They scored 39 runs for the week and played almost flawlessly in the rubber game of the Royal series, executing five double plays and winning 3-2 on homers by Larry Hise, Danny Foe and Craig Kusick.

No one could say Seattle (2-4) wasn't entertaining. Danny Kaye's Manners pulled off the season's first triple play against Kansas City when First Baseman Danny Meyer threw to the plate to get John Mayberry, who had tried to score from third on a double-play grounder. There also have been 24 homers in 12 games played in Seattle's Kingdom—and little wonder. Seattle Sportsowner J. Michael Kenyon discovered that the power alleys, instead as 375 feet from home, are just 357 feet away.

Bert Blyleven and Gaylord Perry each lost
continued

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twice as Texas went 3-4. The bright spots were a three-run homer by Toby Harrah—his third ninth-inning blast of the year—to beat Seattle 3-1 and Willie Horton's clout to stop Minnesota 1-0.

CHC 8-4 OAK 9-5 KC 8-5 MINN-7
TEX 7-6 CAL 7-0 SEA 6-11

NL EAST

The last-place Phillies (3-2) had at least one money player in rookie Randy Lerch. "If you get out of this jam, I'll buy you dinner to-night," Shortstop Larry Bowa told Lerch, who had two runners on in the seventh inning of a game with Chicago. Lerch held on to stop the Cubs 3-1, though he owed his first big-league win in part to Reliever Ron Reed (two seamless innings) and Outfielder Jerry Martin's game-ending catch of a Jerry Morales blast. Later, Bowa stuck a \$20 bill in Lerch's pocket. In a subsequent 7-5 win over the Cubs, Bowa homered and sprinted around the bases. "It's obvious you don't have any idea how to do the home-run trot," said slugger Greg Luzinski. But Bowa does know how to inspire rookies: Lerch ended the week by beating St. Louis 11-1. This time his only reward was satisfaction.

Despite this setback, the Cardinals' (4-2) remained in first with Ted Simmons (11 for 23) and Keith Hernandez (14 RBIs) leading the way. Simmons attributed his fast start to his sweet new figure: he's down from 217 pounds to 203. Meanwhile, Hernandez, who had a single, triple and homer for five RBIs in one game, is citing arm-and-wrist-strengthening exercises for his potent hitting. Then there is Eric Rasmussen, who beat New York 4-2 for his first win and offered his new name in reason for his success. "I'm Harry Rasmussen," he paid \$100 over the off-season and had his name legally changed. After the win, a reporter said, "Nice game, Harry." Rasmussen snapped, "Don't call me Harry."

Al Hrabosky performed his mad act—walking off the mound and talking to himself—after New York's Dave Kingman homered off him to cut a St. Louis lead to 3-2. Then Hrabosky and Ed Kranepool played cat-and-mouse, the pitcher moving off the rubber, the hitter stepping out of the batter's box—before Kranepool became one of Hrabosky's three strikeout victims in the inning. If straitlaced Manager Vern Riffe was annoyed by Hrabosky's behavior, he could console himself with the thought that starter John Denny became the first four-game winner of the year.

Pittsburgh broke even for the week, 3-3, but barely. Rich Gossage contributed greatly to two one-run wins over the Mets (2-4) with clutch work, fanning Roy Stager and Tom Seaver in one critical situation and Kingman in the other. The Pirates came from behind to win both games in the ninth inning. After Dave Parker had knocked Seaver out in the

eighth with a two-run, one-handed homer—earlier in the inning Omar Moreno had scored on a single to snap Seaver's shutout string at 25½ innings—Ed Ott singled home Phil Garner in the top half of the ninth to take the first game 4-3. The following day Omar Moreno tripled and scored on Al Oliver's single to break a 5-5 deadlock after eight innings. "When I'm hitting good," said Oliver, a 171 liner going into the game, I hit them off anybody." Earlier in the week Seaver beat the Cubs 6-0 with his fifth career one-hitter. That and a 5-2 decision over St. Louis, were the only games in which the Met bats hit when they had to.

Montreal fans were both happy and plentiful. The Expos took one from Philadelphia, two of three from Pittsburgh and one of two from San Francisco, playing before crowds in Olympic Stadium that have averaged 21,000 for the year. Gary Carter had a three-homer day against the Pirates and Ellis Valentine hit his fourth of the year, prompting fans to hang out "Valentown" signs in right field. Lights-hitting rookie Outfielder Andre Dawson won two extra-inning games, single in the 14th against Pittsburgh and in the 10th against the Giants. Even more surprising was Manager Dick Williams' decision to let Warren Cromartie, a lefthander, hit against lefthanded Pirate Reliever Terry Forster. Cromartie responded with a three-run double. Going 8 for 17 against lefties, Cromartie proclaimed, "Every time I get up to face a lefthander, I'm hitting for every lefthander who's ever been taken out. That's a big misconception, that lefties can't hit lefties. I hate that more than anything in baseball." Chicago (1-3) just hated baseball.

ST. L. 9-5 MONT 7-5 PIT 7-6
CHC 5-6 NY 6-8 PHIL 4-7

NL WEST

Los Angeles raced on, outslugging the champion Cincinnati Reds 7-3 and 3-1 in a 4-1 week as Steve Garvey, Ron Cey and Davey Lopes homered. Most destructive was Cey, the new cleanup hitter, who was batting .412. Cey had three homers, each contributing to a win, and the Dodgers began calling themselves the Blue Wrecking Crew. In the accompanying war of words, Reds Manager Sparky Anderson suggested that the Dodgers lacked a late-season finishing punch. Dodger Pitcher Don Sutton, commenting on his win in the 3-1 game, said, "I felt like Carmen Basilio walking past Muhammad Ali." Finally, Anderson got in a counter. Asked if he would make any lineup changes, he answered, "I'm not Billy Martin." He was worried enough, though, to call his last-place Reds (1-3) for the week into a rare team meeting.

Atlanta Pitcher Dick Ruthven stopped San Diego 4-1 for his third win and said, "Somebody rang a bell. The games suddenly started to count." Euphoric Atlanta counted four

wins, only two defeats. Little-used Craig Robinson singled with the bases loaded and two outs in the ninth to give the Braves a 6-5 win and stop the Dodgers' win streak at eight. Atlanta Pitcher Mike Marshall, who is being offered as trade bait, failed to show up for a game late in the week. The night before, Marshall had heaved a ball into the outfield when he was yanked in the seventh inning of a game with the Dodgers and, minutes later, Marshall tossed a bat out of the dugout. But the unhappy people at Atlanta Stadium were the umpires who stalked off the field during a 5-4 win over Houston. They were upset when fans boored a video replay of a controversial call. They returned when the Braves agreed not to show close plays.

Houston lost all six of its games including a doubleheader disaster to San Diego on Jack-E-Night. Strain was the kind of Jockey Manager Bill Virdon was being measured for as he watched his pitchers give up 14 walks, throw a wild pitch and hit one batsman. The crusher was the second game, in which No. 1 draft pick Floyd Bannister was struck

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RICK CAMP. Atlanta's 23-year-old rookie reliever had two saves and a win. In 8½ innings this season, he has allowed no runs and just six hits. Of the 25 men he has retired, 15 have grounded out and four have struck out.

to a 6-0 lead, then got wild as his teammates got careless. The Astros lost 11-8.

San Francisco won three of five as Ed Halicki, John Montefusco and Jim Barr became two-game winners. Even so, Montefusco refused to go on a postgame radio show with announcer Lon Simmons. According to Giant wives and girlfriends, Simmons, a noted humorist, had been "getting down" on the players. Simmons' remarks about Halicki, Montefusco and Patcher Randy Moffitt were deemed unfunny by The Count.

San Diego's 4-3 week was highlighted by a 12-6, 14-hit rout of Atlanta. Gene Tenace contributed two homers, and Doug Rader and George Hendrick one apiece. And Padre pitching was potent. Bob Shirley, a 22-year-old rookie, beat Houston 4-2, chasing Catcher Tenace to say, "He's a better pitcher than Vida Blue." Added Pitching Coach Roger Craig, "He's the most impressive young pitcher I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot of them." In addition, Rolfe Fingers has three saves, a 2-0 record and a 1.38 earned run average. Reliever Dave Tomlin hasn't allowed a run in eight games and rookie Vic Bernal earned his first major league win with four shutout innings against the hapless Astros.

LA 10-3 ATL 8-6 SD 8-6
SF 6-7 HOUS 5-6 CIN 4-0

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Now and then I have had the opportunity to meet timber wolves, sometimes in situations of considerable intimacy. One of the best evenings of my life was spent watching wolf pups play outside their sandy den in the central Arctic and then later listening most of the night to the adult members of the pack making music. However, I have always come to wofly places as a temporary traveler; I could admire these magnificent animals in situations that involved no basic conflict of interest on either side. I think very well of wolves, but it is understandable that other people who have had different and less benign experiences are inclined to think less well of them. For example:

- Julian Brzozowski owns 800 acres near Orr, Minn., about 30 miles south of International Falls. He is a livestock farmer and during the last two years has had 26 head of cattle killed by timber wolves. During 1976, federal wildlife agents live-trapped and removed 31 wolves from Brzozowski's property, which, for reasons that remain zoologically obscure, was a piece of land apparently surrounded by several separate packs. Brzozowski is now suing the Federal Government, the legal guardian of the wolves, for \$58,356 to cover his cattle losses and the wolf-caused depreciation of his farm.

- One afternoon last November, John Pahula, a retired employee of U.S. Steel, was walking in the woods in the vicinity of Vermilion Lake, Minn. He was accompanied by a mongrel, Pedro, which he later was to describe as the best dog he ever owned. Making a turn on the trail, they came upon three adult wolves about 60 feet distant. Pedro charged ahead to challenge the wolves. Pahula said he was mad and scared. "I ran back to my neighbors to get a gun. Those wolves must have been five times bigger than my dog." When Pahula returned, both the wolves and Pedro had disappeared. He finally found his pet-companion but only the remains—Pedro's collar and a few wolf-gnawed head bones.

- A dead wolf with a bullet hole in its skull was deposited one night last winter on the steps of the headquarters building of Voyageurs National Park in International Falls. On the carcass were painted the initials SOS. SOS (Sportsmen's Only Salvation) is a Minnesota organization which, despite the fact that molesting a timber wolf is a federal crime

As the timber wolf multiplies in northern Minnesota, its last stronghold in the lower 48 states, a fight heats up between conservationists, hunters and farmers

Big howl in Minnesota

punishable with a \$20,000 fine and/or a year in jail, has vowed to do something about what its members consider to be a plague of wolves in their state.

These incidents are reported from Minnesota for the good reason that it is the only state among the lower 48 which still supports an appreciable number of timber wolves, the great canine hunters that once ranged most of the woodlands east of the Mississippi. There are now a few wolves in Wisconsin, perhaps an occasional one in northern Michigan. Alaska has between 10,000 and 15,000 wolves but fewer problems than Minnesota because there is so much more wilderness.

Timber wolves lingered on along the Canadian border in northern Minnesota because this is still wilderness country, a portion of which is maintained as federal park or forest lands. Here there is se-

cluded habitat, a good population of moose, deer and other wolf-prey species and not very much human settlement. Even so, Minnesotans who did come in contact with the wolves, especially hunters and a few stock farmers, traditionally tended to regard them as vermin. As they had been elsewhere, wolves were poisoned and shot and for a long time a bounty was paid for dead wolves. Ten years ago it was estimated that there were only 600 timber wolves left in Minnesota. In response to this situation, the U.S. Department of Interior added the eastern timber wolf to its endangered-species list. This gave the wolves absolute protection, making it a federal crime for any human to molest any wolf. It also removed the management of the wolf from the state department of natural resources and turned it over to the

continued



federal Fish and Wildlife Service.

Currently, on the basis of extensive field studies, it is thought that there are between 1,000 and 1,500 wolves in Minnesota. Their numbers have increased in the wilderness tracts along the Canadian border but, more controversially, there are now many more wolves showing up considerably to the south in semiwilderness, on privately owned agricultural and recreational lands. Though the endangered-species status has certainly contributed strongly to the comeback of the wolves, it is probably not the sole reason for the increase—the state had commenced conservation efforts before the federal takeover. Nevertheless, the federal endangered-species law—and its effect on wolves and people—has become the focal point of a fierce dispute.

On one side are people who feel there are now far too many wolves in the northern part of the state and that the feds and their protective law are to blame. These include sportsmen who claim that the abundance of wolves is ruining deer

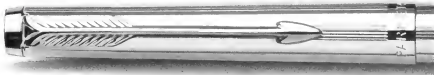
hunting, farmers who have suffered wolf losses and a number of residents of this sparsely settled country who say the wolves are growing bolder and that they fear not only for their property but also for their lives. There is always a first time, but this latter worry is unfounded since there is no record of a wolf having ever caused a human fatality in the U.S.

The only answer to these problems, according to the antiwolf forces, is to remove the animals from the endangered species list and turn management back to the state. Then, it is assumed, state agents or individual hunters will kill enough of the wolves to bring the population to tolerable levels. How many wolves is enough is a matter of dispute. Robert Lessard, a state senator from International Falls, where there is a lot of feeling against wolves, told a meeting of his angry constituents, "I have always figured that 500 wolves in the state would be a viable population. I wouldn't want any more." Will Sandstrom, a spokesman for Wildlife Unlimited, a sportsmen's

group, believes, despite the name of his organization, that wolves are creatures which must be limited. He says 280 wolves, "about 40 packs with seven wolves per pack," would be sufficient.

On the other side of the question are protectionists who believe the wolf is an irreplaceable natural resource not only for Minnesota but for the nation as a whole. In their view it is unthinkable that we cannot maintain 1,000 or so of these great hunters. They fear that if the population becomes much less than that, all the wolves might suddenly be wiped out by epidemic disease or a sudden degradation of habitat. Protectionists want the endangered status of the wolves continued. They feel that the return of the animals to state management might result in a wildlife pogrom.

"The state track record is zilch," says Harriet Lykken, who is active in the Sierra Club and is also an organizer of HOWL (Help Our Wolves Live). "We think the wolf should remain on the endangered list but with a good plan for



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compensation." Compensation would involve a federal appropriation—\$600,000 has been suggested—out of which farmers and others would be reimbursed for losses caused by wolves.

Caught between these fiercely opposed opinions about the value of wolves, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service early in April made a compromise proposal. According to this plan the wolf in Minnesota would remain a ward of the Federal Government but would be legally reclassified from endangered to threatened, a more flexible category. (A threatened species is one whose status bears watching but is not thought to be in immediate survival jeopardy, as an endangered species is.) If they are allowed to treat wolves as threatened, the feds would continue to give them absolute protection in 10,000 square miles of wilderness along the Canadian border. However, in the semiwilderness and agricultural areas to the south, where most of the man-wolf confrontations are occurring, federal agents would set about reducing the

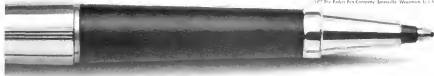
number of wolves. Some would be killed. Others might be trapped and transplanted into more suitable regions. In this connection some thought has been given to reestablishing timber wolves in parts of their former range in the northern and central Appalachians.

The complete wolf-management proposal will shortly be published in the federal register and there will then be a two-month period in which the public can comment, after which, depending on the comments and political pressures, it will either be adopted, altered or scrapped. Already protectionists are claiming that by suggesting that the wolf be removed from the endangered list, Fish and Wildlife has knuckled under to political pressure. Antwolf people are critical because the plan would keep the feds in the wolf business, and they feel even threatened status would give the wolves too much protection, which would give Minnesota too many wolves.

Despite such predictable objections, the moderate federal plan does recognize

certain social and biological realities. Essentially the new proposals are based on recommendations of the Eastern Timber Wolf Recovery Team, a federal study group of biologists. A member of the team is Dr. L. David Mech, one of the best known and most respected wolf students in the world. Mech said recently, "Fifty years from now, no matter what the legal status, it is likely that the only eastern timber wolves surviving will be in a few federal sanctuaries: Isle Royale in Michigan, Voyageurs Park and Superior Forest in Minnesota. To the south, inevitable development will reduce the habitat that wolves require. Total protection in areas where they have no real future does not improve the survival prospects of the animals and, because of man-wolf conflicts, it creates a lot of animosity against wolves in general. I think it would be a disaster if we fail to preserve the wolf in wilderness areas where it belongs, but I think it is in the long-term best interest of the species to remove individuals from settled areas."

END



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The Cash was laundered

Once the baddest of the Big Bad Bruins, Wayne Cashman has cleaned up his act. Boston's new captain now does his cutting before the game, as L.A. learned

In the best tradition of Hollywood, the Los Angeles Kings, facing elimination from the Stanley Cup quarterfinals, planned to unnerve the Boston Bruins last Thursday night by staging what they hyped as "the greatest pregame show in hockey history." Shortly after 8 p.m. the Kings, trailing the series three games to

two, skated onto the ice, and the capacity crowd of 16,005 in the sometimes Fabulous Forum rose up and began more than five minutes of wild applause. When the noise finally subsided, singer Frank Mahoney was led across a carpet to center ice to sing the fight song so beloved by L.A. Forward Dave (Hammer) Schultz

when he was a Philadelphia Flyer: *God Bless America*. The lights were dimmed, and Mahoney began to do his best Kate Smith imitation, hoping that God would bless the Kings as He had so often blessed the Flyers.

Trouble was, Mahoney's microphone was dead. Frantic Forum officials tried to locate the source of the electrical malfunction, but in time they gave up.

The only people in the building who thought all this was very funny were the Bruins, for in the best electrical tradition of the late Ernie Kovacs, Boston Captain Wayne Cashman—with some help from Trainer Frosty Forristall—had cut Mahoney's microphone cord.

As it developed, nothing went right for the Kings. While the L.A. players no doubt were still wondering why "the greatest pregame show in hockey history" had been a dud, the Bruins scored three goals in the first eight minutes and outshot the Kings 30-7 over two periods. Spurred by the crowd, the Kings rallied for three goals to tie the score midway through the final period, but then disaster struck again. Boston was on the power play, and when L.A.'s Dave Hutchison broke his stick while trying to clear the puck, the Bruins' Gregg Sheppard picked up the loose puck and fired it past Goaltender Rogatien Vachon.

Cashman probably saved Boston's 4-3 victory with a superior defensive maneuver in the closing seconds. Inexplicably, the Bruins' two defensemen were caught up ice as Butch Goring and Marcel Dionne, the most dangerous L.A. attackers, crossed the Boston blue line. Goring tried to slide the puck to the streaking Dionne, who was in the clear, but Cashman deflected it into the corner—and time ran out. "God Bless Wayne Cashman," sang Boston Coach Don Cherry.

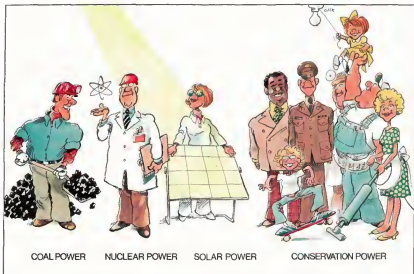
On Sunday night in Philadelphia the Bruins skated to another 3-0 lead after two periods in the opening game of their semifinal series against the Flyers. Once again they squandered the lead, with the Flyers scoring twice in the final 3:25 to force a sudden-death overtime. But once again they won 4-3, with Cashman breaking up a Philadelphia rush and Rick Middleton beating Bernie Parent 2-57 into the overtime.

For Cashman, that assist was all part
continued



Realizing he would never be an Exposito-style scorer, Cashman made a home along the boards

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And that's a lot of energy for a strong America.



Energy for a strong America

of a week's work. Rough-sough describes L.A.'s Schultz, Toronto's Tiger Williams, St. Louis' Bob Gassoff and Philadelphia's Bob Kelly, Paul Holmgren and Moose Dupont, but Cashman was the "most hated player" in the NHL before any of them ever came into the league. Thoughts of Cashman bring to mind the swashbuckling beat-em-up Bruins of the late '60s and early '70s. Cashman was the meanest and toughest player on a team that ruthlessly bullied opponents. He played left wing on a line with Center Phil Esposito and Right Wing Ken Hodge, and it was Cashman who always did the dirty work in the corners to get the puck out in front of the net to his high-scoring and highly publicized linemates.

He also was the zaniest member of a team that was hockey's answer to the Gas House Gang. Once described as "looking like Randle Patrick McMurphy searching for some mischief in the cuckoo's nest," Cashman has always been something of a rogue. He once broke his foot while trying to swing on a chandelier from one motel ledge to another. Again, having apparently overimbibed at a team party, Cashman was stopped by the police on Route 1 north of Boston and taken to the station house. The officers told Cashman he could make one telephone call. Cashman dialed a number and mumbled into the phone. Twenty minutes later a small Oriental knocked on the station house door and announced, "Chinese food for Mr. Cashman."

On the ice Cashman was the NHL's premier policeman. Let someone cheap-shot Bobby Orr or Esposito, and Cashman would show up to exact revenge. A left-handed puncher, he was rated the best fighter to come out of the Boston area since Rocky Marciano. Actually, Cashman is from Harrowsmith, Ontario, a small town outside Kingston. "Cashman's town seems like something out of *Deliverance*," says Cherry. "A tough town?" Cashman says. "Yeah, I guess so. There were nine Cashman boys in it."

According to Schultz, Cashman once told him during the heat of a game that he would "cut my eyes out," and, according to some Bruin teammates, Cashman once waved his stick at Montreal's Jean Beliveau during the warmups before a 1969 playoff game. "I guess I've done a few things I now regret," Cashman says, "but at the time I felt they

had to be done. I knew at an early age I'd never be a 50-goal scorer, so I've spent my career doing what had to be done."

Nevertheless, Cashman always has had his admirers. "He's really one of the best wings ever to play the game," says Boston Goliath Gerry Cheevers. "At the Team Canada training camp last summer we were picking our all-time NHL team, and I insisted that we had to have Cashman as one of the five left wings. O.K., he doesn't have the flair of a Bobby Hull, but championships aren't won only by the flashy guys. They're won in the corners and along the boards, and Cashman is the best of our era when it comes to playing in the corners and along the boards."

Over the last two seasons, though, a new Cashman has emerged. Oh, the new Cashman still plies his trade in the corners, and he provides protection for Center Jean Ratelle, but he has tempered the viciousness that once characterized his play and has become the unquestioned leader of the Bruins. He is Captain Cash of the Luchpail A.C. now, a grizzled veteran of 31 with thinned-out hair and a face full of scars. "I don't think I ever could have dreamed of Cashman becoming such a leader," says Boston General Manager Harry Sinden, who was Cashman's first coach at Oklahoma City in 1966 and later coached him in Boston.

Cashman traces the change in Cashman back to Nov. 7, 1975, the day Esposito, his best friend, was traded to the New York Rangers. Cashman helped organize a farewell party for Esposito and Carol Vadnais that night in Vancouver—a bash, incidentally, that cost the Bruins \$2,000 in damage to the hotel. Then it all sunk in. Or as Cheevers says, "The guys who got the headlines were either gone [Esposito] or injured [Orr], and everyone on the team had to learn to become a worker like Cashman."

Says Cashman, "Suddenly we had to start doing what Don Cherry kept telling us we had to do. We had to work. We're not a colorful team anymore. We don't have anyone who thinks of himself as a star, not even the guys who are—like Ratelle. Everyone is equal, from Ratelle to the last guy on the bench. There are three key words for the Bruins now: toughness, work, control."

Cashman has exhibited almost perfect control this season, engaging in only one

fight. "Who'd ever have thought they'd see the day when Cashman would turn the other cheek?" says one NHL coach. High-stocked by L.A.'s Hutchison Thursday night, Cashman refused Hutchison's offer to engage in immediate fistcuffs, thus giving Boston a man advantage. "A couple of years ago," Cashman says, "I never could have kept myself from going after the guy."

In his only fight, Cashman belabored Los Angeles' Vic Venasky but came out of the scrap with a broken left thumb that kept him off the ice for 15 games. When Cashman returned in mid-February, the Bruins had won only five of their previous 14 games. With Cashman back in the lineup, they lost just four of their last 22 and overtook Buffalo for the Adams Division title and the New York Islanders for third place in the overall standings.

Cashman assumed the Bruins' captaincy on March 3, when Defenseman Dallas Smith, who was wearing the "C" in the absence of the injured Johnny Bucyk, suddenly retired. When Bucyk returned to the Boston lineup for one game last week, he refused to wear the "C" on his shirt and insisted that Cashman keep it permanently.

"Cash never used to say a thing," Cheevers says. "Then he became captain, and now he's always talking with the young players—sometimes cheerleading, sometimes being brutally blunt. Cash becoming captain is the most important thing that has happened to this team."

There were no 40-goal scorers for the Bruins this season, but, playing in Cashman's image, they finished the schedule with 312 goals—third highest in the NHL. They had no All-Star record, but finished with the third-best record.

"I'm prouder of this team than any other, even the two Stanley Cup champions I played on," Cashman says. "People have always buried us. We don't have as much so-called talent as some other teams, but talent above the shoulders and below the belt is as important as individual scoring totals. Every guy on this club has learned what he can and cannot do. And every guy is tough. We're just a bunch of muckers, like the Flyers. This series will be won in the corners."

And if the Flyers decide to call on Kate Smith before some game, Cashman will probably cut her off, too.

END

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Every fighter—and the audience—had their kicks coming as the heavy-, middle- and lightweight full-contact karate titles were contested in Las Vegas, where the sport managed a leap forward

Amid the little thickets of tent cards on bureaus and TV sets in the rooms of the Las Vegas Hilton last week (EVENING MAID SERVICE AVAILABLE. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR VALUABLES UNLESS CHECKED). LAS VEGAS' MOST COMPLETE, MOST MODERN HEALTH FACILITY), there was one advising guests of the full-contact karate championships to be held on Saturday in the hotel's main showroom. As it turned out, these were not featuring Okinawan midgets cutting down redwoods with their hands, or dudes in shorty kimonos catching bullets in their teeth. No kung-fuology here.

There were three world title fights on the showroom stage that afternoon: six athletes, wearing gloves and padded boots, kicking and punching and throwing each other to the mat in a combination of karate and boxing—a martial-arts derivative that has been described as American kickboxing, although the developing American sport differs profoundly from its Thai namesake, in which kneeing, elbowing and kicking to the knees and groin are all part of the game, and the average life expectancy of a competitor is shorter than that of a human fly with acrophobia. In American full-contact karate, no direct kicks below the waist are allowed and, as in boxing, a bout is not permitted to proceed past a fighter's obvious defeat to the point of his destruction.

Still, any customer groggy from Vegas booze or blackjack who happened to stumble onto the matches would have known right away that he was not seeing a matinee performance by Gladys Knight and the Pips. The kicking is so strenuous in full-contact karate that a championship match goes just nine two-minute rounds. Another rule of the two-year-old Professional Karate Association is the MKR, or minimum kicking requirement, under which each fighter must try at least six kicks per round, or automatically lose that round; the idea is to ensure that a karate bout doesn't

turn into just another boxing match.

The safety equipment—gloves, boots and mouthpieces—is still another novelty. At one time in karate matches the barefooted, barefisted fighters had to stop their blows a few millimeters short of the target and the judges would then have to guess who would have won had the blows landed. To the non-fictionado this was only slightly more thrilling than watching a fighter shadow-box, though of course there was always the chance that someone would lose his temper, or miscalculate. Atlanta fighter-promoter Joe Corley, a television commentator at the Vegas championships, says he has seen "30 full KOs" at one "no-contact" tournament. In another, middleweight champion Bill (Superfoot) Wallace lost a testicle because somebody failed to stop short.

Wallace is the best paid of the full-con-

tact champions (at least \$5,000 a match) and probably the best known. This is partly because he was once Elvis Presley's karate instructor, and partly because of the "Superfoot" publicity—entirely justified. Due to an old injury to his right knee, he kicks only with his powerful left leg, yet even though opponents do not have to worry about two feet coming at them, it doesn't help much. Wallace is too quick. If he were allowed to put a pen between his toes, he probably could write his name on their foreheads. His specialty is the "hook kick," in which the bottom of that left foot is scraped across his opponent's face.

Wallace has Mongol cheekbones that tend to give him a brutish look, and he walks with a peculiar bowlegged gait, but he is anything but animalistic outside the ring. He has a master's degree in kinesiology and teaches at Memphis State

continued



Middleweight champion Wallace puts his superfoot in the face of challenger William Rodriguez

University. He does not practice his favorite hook kicks to the heads of his wife and two children.

Wallace became the PKA's middle-weight champ at the organization's first event, held on Sept. 14, 1974 in the Los Angeles Sports Arena, and has since defended the title six times. Last March 13 he knocked out Jem Echollas in the second round with what the referee called "the fastest kick I've ever seen in my life." But at 31, he was giving away eight years to his Las Vegas opponent, William (Blinky) Rodriguez, who had never been knocked down by a kick or punch.

The 23-year-old Rodriguez is a member by marriage of the Urquidez family, in which there are eight black-belt holders and the babies teethe on ring ropes. His mother-in-law was a professional wrestler in the 1930s. His brother-in-law, lightweight champ Benny Urquidez, has black belts in karate, judo and kendo, and his wife is a black belt and one of California's first registered female boxers. The leader of the clan, and Blinky's manager, is the oldest brother, Arnold Urquidez, 36, who teaches his charges to deliver punishing leg kicks that rivals say are no more "sweeps" (roundhouse kicks designed to knock an opponent's legs from under him) than a right cross is a love pot. Age was not the factor that most worried Wallace partisans in this fight. The problem was a PKA rule that allows the "sweeps" (kicks to the knee are illegal, however). Wallace fans feared that Rodriguez would batter Wallace's invaluable left leg until it was useless.

At the start of Saturday's fight, Rodriguez promptly began treating Wallace's left calf like a soccer ball. A few seconds later he was penalized for kicking Wallace behind the knee. In the second round Rodriguez was warned for an illegal kick, in the fourth for booting Wallace in the rear; and in the fifth he was cited for a major foul, kneeling Wallace in the groin. He denied it. He was cited for the same major in the last round, but this time even Wallace took out his mouthpiece to plead in Rodriguez' behalf, and the foul call was erased.

The cards of the three judges gave the fight to Wallace on a split decision, but with penalty points for fouls deducted, the decision was unanimous for Superfact. It was not so much a matter of Blinky Rodriguez' being a dirty fighter as a difference of opinion over what full-

contact karate should be. One solution seems to be to allow kicks only above the waist, which are much more appealing to the spectators than kicks to the leg anyway.

The ubiquitous Arnold Urquidez had two other fighters going for PKA titles Saturday. In the opener he turned up in the corner of heavyweight challenger Everett (Monster Man) Eddy, owner of a karate studio in Lawndale, Calif., who has a physique suitable for an NFL middle linebacker and a reputation for not being able to take a punch, a reputation that turned out to be deserved. He was going against Ross Scott, who has the squarish chin outside the comic strips. Scott grabbed the title by knocking Eddy out in the first round.

The square-jawed Scott is karate's version of Rocky Marciano, who used to pound away at an opponent's arms until the latter could use them no longer. Scott does the same sort of thing with kicks in between bouts he does leg-extension weight exercises with 350 pounds on his legs, kicking and kicking until the other guy's arms, and internal organs, scream. "I give up, I give up," Scott can take punishment as well as hand it out. In a bout in Atlanta against Jerry Rhome he was knocked down twice by left hooks that would have sent a lesser specimen to the sunny farm. But he got up both times and thrashed Rhome so thoroughly the referee had to stop it in the seventh. It was the first time Scott had had to go past four.

He had a much easier time Saturday. Seeking to set up one left-footed kick, he misled Eddy with a battering-ram left hook, and the kick wasn't even needed. Eddy's eyes rolled back into his head and he crashed like a felled oak. Time: 1:27.

"I got hit with nothing damaging at all," said Scott. "Not even irritating."

Arnold Urquidez did not go home winless, however. In the bout against Howard Jackson, younger brother Benny Urquidez, 24, who has beaten three Thai kickboxers in his career, stayed clear of the foul trouble that was to plague brother-in-law Rodriguez, although he was cited for one illegal judo takedown in the first round. Benny the Jet fought a smart fight, letting Jackson extend himself the first two rounds. He could feel Jackson's blows lose steam at the end of the second, and went to work himself, staggering Jackson with a left hook in

the fourth that he followed with a swarm of stinging blows until the referee had to stop it.

To celebrate, the younger Urquidez leaned down through the ropes to kiss his mother, the ex-wrestler.

All in all, the festivities worked out better than in the PKA's only previous visit to the gambling mecca. On that occasion the culinary workers went on strike and the matches had to be switched at the eleventh hour from the Hilton to a local university gymnasium. This time there was some confusion and controversy over the rules, but for the most part it was an entertaining show. Karate is clearly gaining TV-network acceptance and evolving, at least in part, into an interesting spectator sport, a fact attributable primarily to the efforts of producers Judy and Don Quine.

The Quines' backgrounds are in show business, rather than the martial arts. Don is a handsome ex-writer, producer and actor, perhaps best known as a one-time regular on TV's *The Virginian* and *Peyton Place*. Judy is a Balaban, of the family that owned the old Balaban and Katz theater chain and ran Paramount Pictures for more than 30 years. The Quines got into karate when their sons started taking lessons; assisted by the editor of a now-defunct karate magazine, they founded the PKA and worked out much of the format for full-contact. Their landmark 1974 card in L.A. had 14 fighters from nine countries going for four world titles.

Full-contact is the Americanization of karate that purists have long dreaded, but the Quines and such other promoters as Corley in Atlanta and Jerry Piddington in Charlotte, N.C. are keeping at least some of the Oriental courtesy. Competitors fight barechested, but judges, referees and MKR officials all wear the traditional gi (an Oriental tunic top), and bows are required before and after each bout. The Corley and Piddington organizations are cooperating fully with the PKA, which has worked to make California the first state in which the athletic commission has assumed jurisdiction over the sport.

Despite substantial progress, the Quines and their karate confederates are probably still a way from turning a profit. Corley says, "When I started promoting these matches, I was driving a Ferrari. Now I'm driving a Fiat."

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The Derby favorite was looking for a hard workout, but he only got a breeze



With his jockey scurrying and scratching, Fratelito Ed pulled alongside but then wearied of the chase

Is there a 3-year-old anywhere who can run with Seattle Slew? The unbeaten, untested runner turned last Saturday's Wood Memorial at New York's Aqueduct track into little more than a \$100,000 workout. Winning his sixth straight, Slew drubbed an undistinguished field and now heads for Kentucky, where he will be the first undefeated horse to enter the Derby since Majestic Prince in 1969. There is just one question about the Wood: Was it the type of win to scare owners out of a Kentucky Derby or draw them to it?

Not long after the race, Lou Rondinello, the trainer of Darby Dan Farm's second-place finisher, Sanhedrin, was on the phone calling Owner John Galbreath. "I would say that Seattle Slew's race was impressive but not awesome," said Rondinello while waiting to be connected. "His time wasn't all that good. He ran the last eighth of a mile in 13 seconds. You don't win many Derbies with a last eighth that slow. Churchill Downs is a peculiar type of racetrack, and some horses just plain don't like it. Sanhedrin was making up a lot of ground today and I was encouraged by his race." When Rondinello reached Galbreath the answer was "Yes, let's go to Kentucky."

Darby Dan's Derby record is impressive: In 1963 Chateaugay won and paid

\$20,800; in 1967 Proud Clarion took the roses and paid \$62,200; in 1974 Little Current was blocked in a 23-horse field and finished fifth at 22 to 1, but came back two weeks later to win the Preakness, paying \$28,200, then won the Belmont by seven lengths. The only real failures that Galbreath has had in Louisville were Prince Thon Art and Sylvan Place, who ran sixth and ninth two years ago.

But Sanhedrin is certainly not yet vintage Darby Dan. Although he made up ground on Seattle Slew in the Wood, he still was beaten $3\frac{1}{4}$ lengths, and he has yet to win a race in five 1977 starts.

In Chicago last Saturday another owner decided to ship to Louisville. The Nasty (yep) Stable's Flag Officer moved from last place in an 11-horse field to win the \$104,925 Illinois Derby by $3\frac{1}{4}$ lengths. The performance of the son of Hoist the Flag-Betteur was promising, though the colt took 1:52 $\frac{1}{4}$ to win the nine-furlong race, the slowest time in 11 runnings.

Seattle Slew won the Wood, which also is a nine-furlong event, in 1:49 $\frac{1}{2}$, some 13 lengths slower than Riva Ridge's track record of 1:47, as well as 11 lengths slower than Bold Forbes' romping victory last year. However, the track Seattle Slew ran over is far different from the one Bold Forbes handled so easily. Winter

and spring racing at Aqueduct has been held over an inner track, designed for severe weather conditions. The main track was shut down last November. Before it could be used again, punts had to be rebuilt. Since then only a handful of races have been held on the main track, and just two at nine furlongs. On Saturday the Wood was the only event run on the main track, so time comparisons cannot be made to measure Slew's victory.

"I walked the track," said Billy Turner, his trainer, "and I knew that a horse wouldn't hurt himself racing on it." The track was dead and cuppy—it had no spring and the ground would break from under the horses. Certainly Slew could not run as fast on it as he had when winning the Flamingo at Hialeah. But he did not figure to be hard pressed.

His opponents had started 82 times and won just 18 races. Only Fratelito Ed and Papelote took two in a row, and Papelote's back-to-back victories were in Puerto Rico. Fratelito Ed won two stakes, but they were events restricted to New York-breds. The only other stakes horse was Catalan, who had scored narrowly in a midwinter event at Aqueduct.

Not surprisingly, Seattle Slew was sent to the gate as the 1-to-10 favorite. He went into the lead immediately, but for the first time ever was challenged, Fra-

continued

tello Ed moving alongside on the backstretch and actually poking his head in front at one point. But Jockey Jean Cruguet relaxed his hold on Slew and he pulled off to a six-length lead at the top of the stretch. Fratello Ed finished a weary fifth.

Sanhedrin closed in the last eighth of a mile and finished nearer Slew than any horse has to date. "My colt ran well," Angel Cordero said of the Derby Dan runner, "but Seattle Slew is like a boxer who never gets hit hard. You've got to wonder what will happen when someone throws hard punches at him."

Secretariat was knocked out for the first time as a 3-year-old in the Wood, finishing third that day to Angle Light. Traditionally, the race draws a fine field, and in the last two years it served as a major prep for Derby winners Bold Forbes and Foolish Pleasure. But Slew's toughest potential foes, Clev Er Tell (winner of the Louisiana and Arkansas Derbies) and Cormorant (victor in six of seven races) dropped out in the days preceding the Wood. Clev Er Tell fractured his knee in his final workout, and Cormorant developed a fever. He will not face Slew until the Preakness.



Unlike Slew, Turner avoids winner's circles

Even with minor competition, Turner said the Wood was an excellent prep for his colt. "He needed it," the young trainer said. "The Flamingo was too easy. He hardly worked enough to get wet. He cooled out in 10 minutes."

Neither of the last two undefeated colts to start in the Derby—Majestic Prince and Native Dancer—had such an easy time of it before Churchill Downs. They had been harder pressed by their rivals, though Majestic Prince had won seven straight by Derby Day and Native Dancer 11. Majestic Prince started five times as a 3-year-old before winning his Derby; Native Dancer ran only twice before finishing second to Dark Star.

A Derby favorite always puts pressure on those around him, and an undefeated Derby favorite magnifies it. But Turner, Slew's owner, Karen Taylor, her husband Mickey and veterinarian/advisor Jim Hill are a well-organized team and have plotted their approach carefully. Among other things they have studied the charts of previous Derbies—how they were run and how horses were brought up to the race.

"Around the racetrack," says Turner, "you sure can get a lot of advice. I really was worried about Slew before his first start this year. Many good 2-year-olds lose something when they turn three, and until Slew ran I was apprehensive. I've talked to a lot of people about how to bring a horse up to a Derby, because I've never had a Derby starter. The man who has helped the most is Woody Stephens, who trained Cannonade in 1974. Woody has been down the Derby road many times. I believe in what Horacio Luro called the 'Old Lemon Theory'—you don't squeeze the lemon too hard too early or there won't be any juice left when you need it."

As a 2-year-old Seattle Slew won three times in 27 days, stepping up from a six-furlong maiden race to win the \$137,250 Champagne Stakes at a mile. "Although the colt was nominated to several later stakes," says Turner, "we decided to stop him after the Champagne and aim at the Triple Crown races. Sure, we could have picked up more money, but we decided the best way was the slow way." Slew won only \$94,350, while being named the outstanding 2-year-old, but he has added \$160,990 so far this year. On an investment of \$17,500 (the Taylors purchased him at a Kentucky yearling auction), that is splendid. But the big money

lies in the three races directly ahead. These are the weeks when the squeeze will be on trainer and horse.

Turner might have been pained by Norman Rockwell. He is tall, thin and rubs his hands together so often one expects them to burst into flames. As a trivia player he has master points. "What very great horse finished next to last in six of his races?" Turner asked a coterie of reporters one day last week. The newsmen hemmed and hawed. "Man o'War," said Turner. "Only one horse faced him on six occasions and he won each time. That's next to last." Turner tried another: "War Admiral and Count Fleet won the Triple Crown, and they have something in common with Seattle Slew," he said. "The silks of all three are black and yellow."

For someone so successful Turner has a peculiar attitude about winner's circles. "I didn't go to the winner's circle when I won my first race," he says, "because I expected the horse to win and it was nothing special. But sometimes I'll go—if the winner has had problems or is a tremendous longshot."

For four or five years Turner was a steeplechase rider; he had only modest success. "It isn't all that tough," he says. "The falling off part isn't too bad, it's hitting the ground that hurts. I had broken ribs and collarbones, things like that. But you can tape up a broken collarbone and ride with it."

Turner received his training apprenticeship from W. Burling Cocks, a leading jumping trainer. "Burlie is a perfectionist," Turner says. "No matter what you did, you seldom did it right. There was always something else that could be done to make things better, and he let you know it. There weren't easy ways out. Because of that, he helped me tremendously. I'm grateful."

In 1969 Turner was training for Robert E. Lehmann, and among his 2-year-olds was Dust Commander, the winner of the next year's Derby. "We had a lot of 2-year-olds," Turner says, "and won seven maiden races with them by July. There was a great deal of pressure to win. I guess I didn't win enough for Mr. Lehmann, because he took the horses away. I watched Dust Commander win the Derby at home on television. I've felt better in my life."

In a sense, then, Billy Turner, at 36, has already trained one Derby winner. He figures to have a second one. **END**

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THE HIGH ROAD TO



FAILURE

Led by Jim Whittaker (right), the U.S. climbers inched up the K2 ridge, and in learning to accept defeat learned more about themselves

BY EILEEN AGUIELL

CONTINUED



It was two years ago this spring that the largest U.S. climbing expedition of the decade reached the 20,500-foot level of Mount K2 in the Karakoram Himalaya. The goal was to push on to the 28,741-foot summit by an unexplored northwest ridge, the same ridge that marks the border between Pakistan and China. There had been seven previous assaults on the world's second-highest peak, and only an Italian team, in 1954, had made it to the top by way of the far easier southeast spur, or Abruzzi Ridge.

The Americans had set out in mid-April of 1975 knowing that the odds against success were high, and had encountered unexpected obstacles from the start. Only one scouting flight had been allowed near the proposed route, and the plane had not been permitted to approach the Chinese border. Both Pakistan and China had prevented the teams from landing people and equipment any closer than 100 miles from the proposed base camp. Storms had de-

layed some flights. When the party finally reached the snow line one month behind schedule, most of the high-altitude porters quit to join other expeditions to lesser peaks. Equipment was strung out over too great a distance.

There were nine principals in the party, most of them from the Seattle area. In one group, which became known as the Big Four, were Expedition Leader Jim Whittaker, 46, the first American to climb Everest; Jim's twin brother Lou; Deputy Leader Jim Wickwire, 34, and Jim Whittaker's wife, Dianne Roberts, 26. The others, who referred to themselves as the Minority Five, were Leif-Norman Patterson, 39; Fred Dunham, 34; Fred Stanley, 31; Dr. Robert T. Schaller Jr., 39; Steve Marts, 36; and Galen Rowell, 34, a writer and photographer from Albany, Calif. All were experienced climbers. Accompanying the mountaineers were Major Manzoor Hussain of the Pakistani Army, the group's liaison officer, and 14 HAPs, or high-altitude porters.

As the delays continued, tensions began to divide the mountaineers: at one point the two Freds decided to quit. Only the prospect of trekking alone across 70 miles of uninhabited mountains before reaching the nearest village prevented them from leaving. Time was clearly running out. The rest of the story unfolds in this excerpt from Rowell's soon-to-be-published book, *In the Throne Room of the Mountain Gods*.

June 21, 1975 was the solstice. But there was no summer in the Karakoram. Nothing was green. No birds chirped, no insects buzzed. It had been snowing steadily for three days. At 17,500 feet on a broad glacier, base camp looked like a deserted outpost in the Arctic.

My life seemed as empty and barren as the landscape. My bronchitis had developed into pneumonia and I was trying to bide the time until I was well again. My only contact with Dr. Rob Schaller was by radio. Rob, Steve Marts, Jim Wickwire and Lou Whittaker were waiting out the storm in Camp II, 3,000 feet above me, unable to descend because of blizzard conditions and avalanche danger. Rob had prescribed Keflex, a strong antibiotic, but that was all he could do. I tried to sleep sitting up because I couldn't breathe well lying down. Every night I sat half-awake under the strange delusion that I had two heads attached to the same body.

Fred Stanley and Fred Dunham were also in base camp. Stanley had some sort of stomach ailment and Dunham had a very bad cough. When they were healthy, they were willing to work, but not too hard and not too long. If they felt sick, as they did that day, they simply took sick leave.

Those in the high camps were constantly insinuating that the two Freds were fudging and that they could have gone higher on the mountain if only they had had the desire. The Freds overheard many of these thinly veiled sarcasms and were reinforced in their belief that the expedition's only concern for their welfare had to do with their ability to shuttle loads. The attitude of those in charge was "If I

Camp II, 20,500 feet up on the Chinese border, was the high point



had a cough or a stomachache it wouldn't stop me from going on the mountain," and it was sincere. Feeling under the weather would never have prevented them from climbing to higher altitudes. But Fred Stanley and Fred Dunham valued their health and safety far more than the glory of reaching the summit. Maybe, as some had suggested, they really did not belong on K2. But this attitude implied that the rest of us had cornered the market on the one right way to climb a mountain, and I didn't buy that notion at all. Other considerations aside, the two Freds had definitely lost interest in the climb by this time. This might not have happened if they had been treated differently. Dunham no longer took the expedition seriously, and called it "the highest Boy Scout Jamboree in history."

Still, I was going to stick with it. I was prepared to work hard at high altitude day after day in order to establish the route for whoever would go to the summit. I had geared myself to suffer all manner of discomfort and discontent. I was ready to be away from base camp for a month or more, to sleep in camps that became increasingly colder and smaller, to feel my breathing change from an automatic reflex to a consciously controlled effort and to temporarily deprive myself of the tiny luxuries of human existence. In short, I was ready to climb the mountain.

Still suffering from bronchitis, I had arrived at Savoia Pass on the afternoon of June 16 with Lou, Wick, Rob and Steve. The five of us were on our way to Camp II at 20,500 feet, and most of our camp gear was on a sled near an ice face, where Jim Whittaker and Dianne were waiting for us to set up the winch that Fred Stanley had hauled up to the pass several days before. We had pulled up a single load of gear shortly before dark, left the rest near the winch and climbed to the campsite.

We had five sleeping bags and several days of food for five people, but only two sleeping tents and one stove. The small two-man tents were designed for stability in high winds and had extremely low, narrow profiles. Inside, two persons were too many and three were crammed in like sardines in a can. Lou and Wick, the two broadest men, took one tent while Rob, Steve and I squeezed into the other. Because Lou and Wick had the most room, they offered to cook for all of us. Melting enough snow for five men over one tiny stove took hours. In pitch darkness at 9:30 p.m. Lou passed us sufficient water to rehydrate our freeze-dried dinners. After eating I asked if we could melt more for drinking and filling our bottles. But the stove had been turned off and they did not intend to relight it. I resigned myself to passing the night with no water. This is no great hardship at sea level. At high elevation, however, a person loses considerable water just by normal breathing, because hot, humid, exhaled air contains far more moisture than cold, dry, inhaled air.

By midnight I still had not slept. My mouth felt as if I were trying to swallow a ball of cotton. Finally I could stand it no longer and I crawled over my companions to the tent door. I opened it and plunged my lips into the soft

powder snow. It was strange to be consumed by thirst and yet, like an ocean sailor, to be surrounded by a form of water that I could not drink. At a temperature near zero, the light powder snow provided only a few teaspoons of moisture before my mouth became so cold that the snow wouldn't melt and merely stuck to my lips. I returned to my bag and lay awake. Like a drug addict deprived of a fix, my every thought was directed toward one substance, and I longed for the dawn as I never had before.

June 17 broke clear, and after what seemed an eternity the stove was lit and my body and mind were renewed by water. But it was not enough. I felt very weak and told the others that I could not join them on the route to Camp III, a not-yet-established site at approximately 22,500 feet. Rob and Steve chose to stay behind with me. Together we would try to remount the winch and haul up more tents, stoves and food.

continued

Stranded at 17,500 feet, ailing porter awaits 'copter that never came.



Lou and Wick set off on the ridge above Camp II. Wick led up a snow gully with an angle of 55° to a perch where he could see most of the corniced north side of the pass. The snow ramp that Wick and Lou thought they had spotted while scouting the area by plane was nowhere to be found. Unless a narrow, hidden traverse existed higher up, the route to our proposed Camp III would have to go directly along the crest of the pinnacled ridge itself. Sadly disappointed, the two men returned to Camp II and helped us with the winching. By evening we had hauled several hundred pounds of new supplies into camp.

Each of us realized that the next day would be a critical one. We would have to find a route over which thousands of pounds of supplies could be moved to the higher camps, even though we knew that the ridge was composed of steep rock gendarmes coated with unstable snow and ice. Going over the top would be something like traversing a mile of the Manhattan skyline after it had been relocated to a spot at 20,000 feet where storms raged more than half the time. When we got past the ridge, there would still be a vertical mile of unclimbed, unexplored ridge between us and the summit of the mountain.

On the morning of June 18 I dragged myself into the tent where breakfast was being prepared. As soon as I sat down I said, "I can't go with you today."

"Why not this time?" Lou Whittaker asked suspiciously.

"Because I feel very sick. I've got a headache, muscular pains and chills. I feel extremely weak, and my eyes are sensitive to light."

"I've got the same symptoms," Lou said, "and I'm going to climb this mountain. If you wanted to climb K2 as much as we do, you wouldn't stay back for every little thing. For a while I thought you were shaping up, but now I see you're no better than the two Freds. I think you're just scared of the mountain."

Lou's response seemed unreal to me. As if in a dream, I felt too sick and sluggish to argue. I repeated that I was very weak and feverish and I could not go on. While the others ate breakfast and packed equipment, I curled up in a corner of the tent and lay silent. Finally, I returned to the small tent and crawled back into my sleeping bag.

Lou had implied that anyone who stayed behind was scared of the mountain. It was a challenge I could not meet. I knew that I should descend to base camp, but I felt too weak to go by myself. All four of my companions were packing up for an attempt on the ridge. Soon I would be alone.

Rob poked his head into the tent, turned around to make sure that he wasn't overheard, and told me, "I think you made the right decision. If you still feel sick tonight you should go down. I'll go down with you if necessary. Today is a perfect day that we don't want to miss." I knew this was true. The team had been trying for more than a week to push the route past the gendarmes.

"I'll be O.K. here," I said. "I hope you guys make it. Lou is wrong about me. I'd like to be up there with you today and I want to climb this mountain."

"I know," Rob said as he backed out of the tent. Behind him the others were profiled against the skyline, walking out of camp on snow that squeaked with cold. Rob should-

ered his pack and stepped briskly to catch them. In a minute, they were gone.

Throughout the morning my illness grew worse. I tried to write in my diary, but was too weak to put down anything more than the date and the temperature. When I stepped outside to urinate, I fell dizzily to my knees.

Just before noon I heard footsteps coming into camp. Jim Whittaker had decided to carry up a load alone from Camp I. Haltingly, I told him about some of my symptoms, expecting another lecture about chickening out. Instead, even before I finished describing my sickness, Jim said, "You should go down and I'll help you."

I descended the ice face under my own power, but I was so weak by the time we reached the easy slopes below that I had to support myself on two ski poles and lurch along one step at a time. I rested for a long time at Camp I before donning skis for the three downhill miles to base camp.

Meanwhile, the others were fixing ropes up the ridge. Wickwire led up several hundred feet of steep, hard ice to a point just below the first gendarme where the upper north-west ridge came into view. The route up high looked fine, but the area directly in front of Wick on the lower ridge appeared more difficult than ever. The climb directly up was very tough, but beyond the top of the first gendarme the horizontal traversing would be even more difficult, especially for those with heavy loads trying to follow on fixed ropes.

That evening a storm moved in that was to continue steadily for five days. No one moved from Camp II because of the obvious avalanche danger and whiteout conditions. For the first time, Wickwire voiced aloud the possibility that our attempt on the mountain might fail. Still, he insisted that he would not leave until the expedition had "given everything we have to put forth."

In base camp the temperature was over 101° F. for three straight days. It was hard for me to imagine what those days would have been like stormbound in a tiny tent at 20,500 feet. Jim Whittaker may very well have saved my life.

On the night of June 20 I wrote this entry in my diary:

Perhaps one of the biggest flaws in expedition mountaineering is that it can sometimes promote a ruthless brand of militant enthusiasm that ruins roughness over friendships, health, safety and reason. For a time, in the face of storms, avalanches and extreme altitudes, climbers in the militant rut must consider themselves immortal. Perhaps they never consciously think about immortality, but with their minds and bodies they act out a role as if they were immune from death. They seek that one memory of standing for a few moments above everyone else, and in order to get there they constantly try to elevate themselves and lower others. It doesn't have to be so.

Base camp was a somber place. No one there was happy. Lou Whittaker and Jim Wickwire started accusing Fred Stanley of having an abnormal phobia of avalanches as a result of being buried by a big one a year ago in the Soviet Pamir Range, where he had climbed with another expedition. Stanley saw his caution as intelligent, not neurotic,

continued

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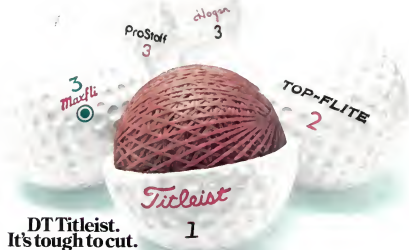
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THE HIGH ROAD *continued*

and claimed that Lou and Wick wouldn't listen to reason. "What it boils down to," he said, "is that compsites they have picked as safe I would place a short distance away in what I consider a safer place because of my experience. Both Lou and Wick said the slope to Savoia Pass was a good one even after the wind caused sloughs. Now it's avalanched several times. Lou said the slope above the pass was a safe one. Later it slid over the anchor points and we lost some items we had cached there."

Leif Patterson had proved to be very different from the somewhat meek and submissive man we had judged him to be during the early stages of the expedition. We all knew that he had a tremendous drive to climb mountains, but we had seen him absorb direct insults without reacting in his own defense. I believed Leif to be too modest and docile for his own good. But after all our weeks of discord and conflict, Leif had emerged as the man with the greatest strength of character among us. When humility was a virtue, he had it. When a backbone was needed, his became unbendable. He was the only member of the climbing team to be fully accepted by both of the opposing factions.

On June 21 Leif visited Jim Whittaker in Camp 1 to discuss what he termed the "fanaticism" of the lead climbers. The statements on this subject in his diary had been growing increasingly strong, until they culminated in "Are they willing to go over dead bodies?" Instead of holding his emotions inside until they burst, as the two Freds did, Leif brought them into the open as tactfully as possible. Jim Whittaker agreed that a problem existed and that changes should be made, although he held a far more benevolent view of the men who had so far forged every step of new ground on the ridge. Jim was definitely becoming more mellow and he showed a new awareness of how critical his own decisions were in healing the breach in our social order.

When Leif returned, he and I had long, pleasant discussions about the arts, science and life for two evenings running. I had sorely missed this sort of unobstructed conversation on the trip; it had always developed during the course of other expeditions I had been on. When

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our conversation touched on our own expedition, however, we held back, afraid to reveal too much of ourselves to each other. We hid many of our true feelings and weighed each other's words for emotional content on a delicately balanced scale. On this subject we reserved our deepest feelings for our diaries. One night, for instance, Leif wrote:

What is this adventure about? Where is the beauty when I can't share it? Life is love and love is sharing. For sharing is the detection of universal unity. . . . The thought haunts me that not the ridge of K2, but our own drudgery will defeat us.

Another week passed, one day blending into another while I passively waited out my illness. The first storm had lasted for five days. After Jim, Lou, Wick, Leif and Steve made another attempt on the ridge a new storm began, forcing them once

again to remain inactive in Camp II. Their second try on the ridge had not been encouraging. They had left late, at 9:30 a.m., climbed to the old high point, and covered only 100 vertical feet of new terrain before the worsening weather forced them to descend. Wick led that day, and he judged the last part to be the most difficult climbing encountered on the expedition to date.

That evening Wick, Jim and Lou discussed the odds on climbing the mountain. Wick's diary entry reflected the doubts that were beginning to surface:

It was the first time I've heard Jim openly talk about failure. So many things have gone against us . . . I still think we have a chance, but we need some big breaks—absence of poor weather, sickness and continued route problems low on the mountain. If we don't climb K2, which now is surely a possibility, if not

a probability, I will say it again: I want to walk away from this mountain with no regrets, knowing I have given the effort to reach its high summit all that I had to give. Even now, with nothing more, the expedition, despite all the problems and frustrations, has been a richly rewarding experience: the new friendship with Lou (at the cost of burning old friendships); the challenge of climbing on steep rock, ice and snow at 21,000 feet—these are enormously satisfying. K2 is one hell of a mountain and just to have been on its flanks is a rare privilege.

Meanwhile, down in Camp I, Dianne was having long talks with the two Feds. They told her that they felt little motivation for the mountain because they had not been treated like equal partners in the venture and because their boyhood friend, Jim Wickwire, had turned his

continued

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back on them. Dianne tried to convince them that they were misreading Wick. She said that he was on a continuing high about the climb and that it was only natural for him to seek out people such as Jim and Lou who shared his feelings rather than spend time with pessimists like themselves. Fred Dunham turned to her and said in a tranquil voice, "It's just a mountain, Dianne."

Fred Dunham, for all his pessimism, had been working hard. He climbed up to Camp II to help with the winch, reaching camp before the others left for their second attempt on the ridge, but descending to Camp I for the night. The next day he went up to Camp II again. The climbers reported by radio that Akbar, one of the two HAPs in Camp II, appeared to be suffering from the altitude and was unable to work. He had spent the previous night moaning and complaining. Dunham took up a HAP named Hussain as a replacement and brought Akbar down.

The HAPs were a great disappointment. Only a few were able to make it to Savaya Pass, although almost all of them had claimed to have high-altitude experience with other expeditions. Without their load-carrying in the lower camps, we were seriously crippled logistically. Our original plans called for a total of 414 load movements between camps until the team finally set up a Camp VII at roughly 27,500 feet. With the full crew of climbers and 12 HAPs carrying every other day, it would have taken 40 days to move supplies into position for the attack on the summit. But even if all route problems were resolved, with only two or three HAPs and a fraction of the team, supplying the camps seemed impossible.

The priorities of various expedition members were clearly shifting. Jim Whittaker radioed down from Camp II asking for an estimate of the last possible date on which we could get word to the porters so that we could fly back home by Aug. 11. That was the date on which our 120-day excursion fare ran out. Missing the August date would cost the expedition an additional \$10,000 in air fare. After much discussion and negotiation it was determined that we would have to get word to the porters from Askole by July 6—in less than a week—if we

were to make it out to the plane on time.

By then our group was split along quite different lines. The Big Four wanted to make one last all-out try on the lower ridge, and then go home if they could not push the route. The Freds, of course, were all for this. The two holdouts were Rob and Major Hussain. They considered \$10,000 to be too small a part of the total \$250,000 expedition budget to be the deciding factor. They wanted us to stay on and explore both the ridge we were on then, as well as the southwest ridge, which rose steeply above base camp. Leif and I were somewhere in the middle. Leif very much wanted the personal satisfaction of pushing the route onto the main northwest ridge, but he did not argue because he believed the odds for success were very remote. Though I was recovering rapidly, and was finally able to move up to Camp I, I had mixed emotions about continuing the climb. During this confusing period I wrote the following diary entry.

One part of me wants to give up and go home to family and loved ones. This side sees the futility of dealing with the powerful forces on this expedition. The other part of me is mountaineer. It wants to get together a few people who will get up early and give the ridge a full-scale try.

Our time was running out. Eighteen days had passed since we had made our first attempt on the ridge above the pass—18 days of back-to-back storms. There seemed to be no hope for the climb unless the route suddenly opened up. The next week would tell the story.

Meanwhile, after the sick porter, Akbar, was helped to base camp, he began to vomit roundworms in huge quantities, passing enough to fill a quart jar. Then he lapsed into a coma and Rob determined that his intestine had become obstructed and perforated, leaking poison into his abdominal cavity and causing peritonitis. His condition seemed hopeless at 17,500 feet in a mountain tent. He was severely dehydrated, his blood pressure was not recordable and he was deep into gram-negative shock. Rob administered massive doses of antibiotics and steroids and used 16 of our 24 bottles of intravenous fluids. During the

night the intravenous lines sometimes froze and only Rob's constant attention kept Akbar alive.

We radioed for an immediate helicopter evacuation. It took two full days for our emergency request to filter through the Skardu authorities to the Ministry of Tourism in Rawalpindi; to the Ministry of Defense and, finally, to the helicopter pilot.

The pilot sent word that he could not land at any of our chosen sites between 15,000 and 17,500 feet because he could not fly his Alouette III above 11,000 feet. Major Hussain found this unbelievable, because he had personally seen the same "copier" land at 15,500 feet, and in Nepal similar helicopters have landed at more than 18,000 feet.

We radioed back that carrying Akbar 50 miles through the mountains to Puyu at 11,000 feet was not feasible and that we would carry him only as far as 15,000 feet at a place called Concordia. We got no definite reply and time continued to run out.

On July 1 Jim Whittaker obtained the consensus of all the team (with the exception of Rob, who was treating Akbar at base camp) that the summons to the porters should be sent out July 6 if a route to our proposed Camp III had not been established by then. In the event that the route did open up so that we could climb and carry loads onto the upper ridge, we would stay several more weeks. Having been free of pneumonia for only a few days when this agreement was reached, I chose to descend from Camp I to base camp while four others waited for the weather in Camp II.

The morning of July 3 was the finest of the expedition, the sky was absolutely clear and there was not a breath of wind. Jim Wickwire described that day of climbing in his diary:

Got away at 8 a.m. and headed up the moderate slopes above camp; snow very soft and deep. . . . The only way to make any upward progress was to clear away about eight to 10 inches with a mitten and then step upward. Only about one out of every five steps hit anything solid. Laboriously slow. About 200 feet from the base of the steep wall, Leif took over—one of the only times in the

continued

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THE HIGH ROAD Continued

expedition that someone else has kicked steps with us (except Jim between Camps I and II). But Leif is so light that I kept plunging through behind him. And where I didn't, Lou did.

Lou stayed in the lead through the lower section of fixed rope... I went past him, feeling very strong, making the entire climb from Camp II (to the old high point) in two hours and 10 minutes. Lou and Leif came up, Steve was somewhere below.

I continued up. It got very steep, approaching the vertical. An easy stretch at lower elevations, it was quite hard up there nearing 22,000 feet. It was a matter of carefully picking your way upward and not relying on the loose rocks... I finally got a pito into a good crack and felt much better. I was on the verge of sewing-machine leg a couple of times but managed to suppress it. The hardest move was getting up around a

big rock. I had to jam my arm into a four-inch crack to move up. A good-sized rock alongside the big one was loose. I nearly pulled it off on top of myself. I went a little higher and saw for the first time the rest of the pinnacled ridge. Our further progress along the ridge, except for reaching the top of the first pinnacle, seemed out of the question. Extremely steep on both sides (75 to 80 degrees), the ridge was a knife-edge between the pinnacles, and the two pinnacles I could see, including the highest, looked possible only if one were to spend a hell of a long time in getting over them—clearly out of the question for food-carrying and maybe not even climbable. The quest for height on K2 was over...

The three of us proceeded to take turns climbing the last 25 feet to the top of the first pinnacle. The exposure was terrible. I have never been on such

a small summit with awesome views in all directions. To the east, K2 blotted out the sky with the remaining pinnacles in the foreground. The drop to China was as unbelievable as it was steep. Over 7,000 feet of sheer nothingness.

Leif concurred with Wick's impression of the route, saying that "It is absolutely clear this route truly ends here" (It was also clear, however, that he did not feel like an equal partner on that final day's climb; he described his brief stint at leading by writing, "Even I am allowed to break trail.") When Leif returned to base camp, he was eager to try climbing the Angelus, a beautiful 22,490-foot snow pyramid directly above camp. He wanted to make the climb sometime during the next days before the porters came. He estimated that the climb would take two or three days, but his biggest question was,

continued



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"Will they let me?" Rob, Manzoor and I also wanted to climb the peak. Wick was not sure whether he wanted to go.

Can't blame them [Wick wrote in his diary]. I would be looking for an Angelus, too, if I hadn't had the climbing with Lou that I've had. . . One can also see Rowell making that climb the big event of the expedition. With one of the biggest reputations among us, Galen simply did not perform well on the main objective: finding a route up K2's west ridge. Admittedly his sickness played a major role in his nonperformance, but it doesn't account for everything. He could have, for instance, come up here for the final effort, instead of bolting for base camp with the Freds when the decision was made for the porters to come in. And if he had not recovered enough to come up here, how in hell does he think he is fit for a serious attempt on the Angelus? If they go, maybe Lou and I should go, too—following behind, of course, so that they can lack steps up through deep snow for a change.

Jim told us that we could not climb the Angelus until base camp was packed up for the incoming porters. We worked like

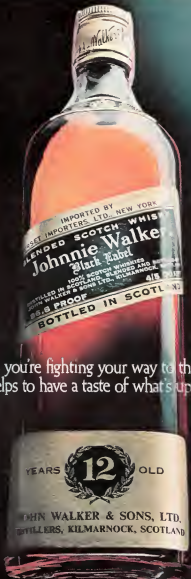
From the book "In the Throne Room of the Mountain Gods" by Galen Rowell, to be published by Sierra Club Books.

beavers for two days, and then it was decided that the matter should be voted on by the whole group. For the first time in weeks, the weather had remained excellent for several days. At the meeting Jim said that we could endanger the whole team's departure if anything happened to us. Lou said that everyone should forget about climbing while Akbar's life was at stake. The Freds remained silent. So did Leif, who didn't want to make waves. Rob said that whatever the decision, he would have to stay down with Akbar until he was evacuated. Wick later recorded the decision "It was the consensus of the team that they should not go."

In his usually restrained manner, Leif later wrote in his diary:

It is decided "formally" that Galen and I not climb the Angelus because every
continued

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it helps to have a taste of what's up there.



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THE HIGH ROAD continued

hand may be needed in the evacuation of Akbar. Lou is particularly vehement. Can it make that much difference? Both Galen and I are deeply disappointed, for the weather is excellent . . . It is sad not to have freedom in such a marvelous place. At night the sky is filled with more stars than I have ever seen.

For a while I even considered soloing the Angelus. The route looked straightforward and I thought I could make it with one bivouac. I sorted the necessary gear and kept it in a sack next to my sleeping bag. But over the next two days, I came around to Leif's way of thinking. The Angelus was a nice climb, but it was not worth doing if it would cause a major incident with the rest of the team. With the weight of the K2 climb off our heads, Leif said, "These last days in the high mountains could be filled with relaxed joy. They are not, but they will become worse for everyone if people leave camp against orders." I decided to bury the hatchet and try not to mention the Angelus again in front of those who did not favor the climb.

Several days later we carried Akbar 15 miles to Concordia at 15,000 feet, hoping that the helicopter would pick him up there. More radio calls and telegrams brought only the repeated statement that they would not land above 11,000 feet. Tough as the mountains surrounding him, Akbar began to recover against all medical odds. In a few days he was walking like a newborn calf, and by the time the return porters arrived he was prepared to walk down to his home under his own power.

As we descended the 36-mile-long Baltoro Glacier, we met several of the 18 other expeditions that were in the same region that summer. After a decade of political closure, the Karakoram Himalaya had become a magnet for climbers from all over the world. We passed Austrians, Polish, Swiss, French, Japanese, British, Italians and other Americans. Our porters proved to be far more reliable when they were marching toward their homes than away from them. We covered in three days what had taken 22 days on the way in.

Four days later we reached the end of the trail and traveled the last 50 miles into Skardu by Jeep. The rest house in

which we had stayed before was now filled with expeditions waiting for the daily scheduled flight to Rawalpindi.

After a relatively short wait of three days, a C-130 cargo plane arrived on July 26. When it lifted off the runway carrying us along with four other expeditions, there were exclamations of joy in five languages. In earlier years, mountaineers from all nations had written of their sadness upon leaving such a beautiful country.

Our expedition seemed to have ended far more abruptly than it had begun. Our hopes and dreams lay shattered. Now it was time to forget and live normal lives again. For a long time, team members did not socialize with each other. It was too painful; it reminded us of all that had gone wrong. No one even remotely entertained the idea that future events might bring the group together again.

The successful Karakoram expeditions of 1975 (a two-man Austrian team, Peter Habeler and Reinhold Messner, scaled the unclimbed northwest face of 26,470-foot Hidden Peak without porters or oxygen; a French expedition climbed a new route on the south spur of 26,360-foot Gasherbrum II; a Polish team, half of it women, climbed 26,090-foot Gasherbrum III, which at that time was the highest unclimbed peak in the world) proved to be either highly flexible or very patient. Small groups had a definite edge over the more conventional large expeditions, which were overly dependent on vast quantities of porters and supplies. There is little doubt that large expeditions will continue to visit the Karakoram in the future, especially from countries that have yet to prove themselves on the high peaks. However, the significance of large-expedition climbs is declining. Elevation, steepness and distance have all been conquered. What remains is style.

The story of the 1975 U.S. K2 expedition might have ended with our return to the States, or even sooner. Several of the team members stopped writing in their expedition diaries on the day that we found the ridge to be impassable. Future histories of mountaineering would record that five American expeditions had failed on K2. Besides the expeditions

of 1938, 1939 and 1953, a lesser-known German-American team had failed at 23,500 feet in a 1960 attempt to repeat the successful Italian climb of the Abruzzi Ridge. A graph of heights reached by Americans on the mountain would peak before World War II and reach a new low in 1975. But, as it turned out, the story was not quite over.

After we returned, we considered the trip to have been simply a miserable failure. Most of us were sure that we would never want to return to Pakistan for climbing of any kind. Slowly, though, our memories of the experience began to change. These were the kinds of changes that make one always remember a trail as shorter, a beach as whiter or a home as larger than it really was. The merciful sieve of memory gradually eliminated the harshness of our experiences. We remembered the view of K2 on a clear morning and all but forgot the constant grayness of a five-day storm. In our mind's eye, the light from a single smile eradicated the hundreds of frowns with which we were confronted during the long days of discord.

A less preposterous turn of our memories was the tendency to exaggerate the importance of events that placed the blame for our failure on others. The Big Four overstressed the others' sickness and lack of commitment, while the Minority Five overstressed their inability to influence decisions. We all recognized that we had been stopped cold by the ridge itself, but we hunted for other reasons to satisfy our bruised egos.

One morning I received a phone call that brought the 1975 K2 expedition full circle. It was Jim Whittaker inviting me to go to K2 in 1978. The Polish had the mountain for 1976 and the Japanese for 1977. Most of the team had decided to return, including three of the Big Four and three of the Minority Five. Tragically, Leif-Norman Patterson died in an avalanche in his home mountains at Golden, B.C. just as this book was going to press. The plan was to attempt one of the other unclimbed ridges on the west side from our same base camp.

With a far deeper understanding of both the men and the mountain than I had possessed the first time I made such a decision, I answered, "Yes. You may count me in."

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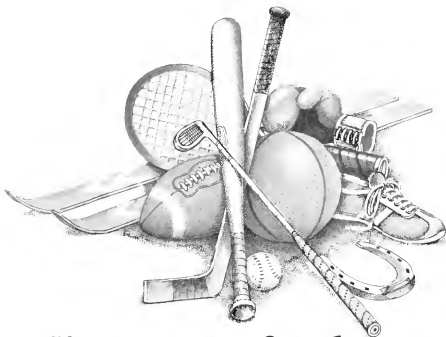
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all seasons. So sign up now for the classic contests of Summer, Fall and beyond, if you wish. Be at the All-Star Game and save a seat for the Series itself in October. Be there for Football USA with SI's two big scouting report issues this September and all the yards of football's great plays from there on until Superbowl XII. Then preview basketball's new season next Fall with two big SI specials. And sharpen your skates for hockey's new ice. All in the pro's prose and instant replay photography that SI's famous for. Enjoy the best of it each and every week. You'll enjoy sports more; you'll enjoy more sports. Just fill in and mail the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED order card in this issue. We'll bill you later. Or if someone's beaten you to the card, just call TOLL-FREE 800-621-8200. (In Illinois: 800-972-8302).

Sports Illustrated

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 18-24

PRO BASKETBALL—Dave Cowens ended his first 11 field-goal attempts and finished with 37 points in Boston, ahead by 22 points in the third quarter. Held on to beat Philadelphia 124-119 and move their semifinal series to 2-1. Earlier in the week Guard Henry Bibby came off the bench to hit in 22 points and lead the Nets over the Celtics 113-106 in a game from which Celtics Coach Tom Hecox was ejected in the second quarter. Bibby had 36-1 after six minutes of play. Washington rallied for a 111-106 decision over Houston in Game One of their series in which Forward Milt Karpovich had 16 rebounds and a career-high 31 points. Marvyn Moseley Malone countered with a career high of his own, totaling 31 points and guiding 26 rebounds as the Rockets beat the Bullets 124-118 in overtime in Game Two. It was Karpovich's turn again in Game Three as he scored 23 points to lead the Bullets to a 90-80 win. Rick Barthelemy who punched in their semifinal in official in Golden State lost to Los Angeles 95-86 on Friday, with every thing but swiftness on Sunday, scoring 46 points to lead the Warriors to a 105-103 victory. The Lakers, with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar averaging 31.7 points per game, beat the series 2-1. Maurice Lucas hit on a 14-foot turnaround jumper with 11 seconds remaining in the fourth quarter. The Warriors ended the series with a 121-110 victory in Game Two, but the Trail Blazers bounced back 116-106 in Portland as Lucas scored 27 points, increasing his three game total to 79.

BOWLING—MIKE BERLIN defeated Mike Durbes 221-209 to win the Tournament of Champions and the sport's richest prize of \$25,000 in Akron.

GOLF—JIM SIMONS, 36, shot a pair of 81's Sunday to finish with a 15-under-par 273 and win his first major—the \$175,000 New Orleans Open, and \$150,000.

KATHY WHITWORTH fired a final round 69 for a 10-under-par total of 236 and won the American Defender Classic in Raleigh, N.C. by one stroke over Pat Bradley. For Whitworth, who collected \$3,500, it was the fourth victory in the Classic.

HOCKEY—NHL Two break plays figured prominently in the last two games of the Boston-Los Angeles series (page 78). In Game Five, Boston defenseman Brad Park accidentally kicked the puck into his own net for the Kings' winning goal. Two nights later in Game Six, defenseman Brett Hull took a beating from Boston's play, giving Reggie Sheppard plenty of room to beat Rogan Vachon for the game, and series-winning goal with 7:02 to play in the third period. Philadelphia temporarily put to rest the "away-is always" theory by beating

Figure 3-0 at the Spectrum in Rng. Letch scored both goals and Wayne Stephenson stopped 21 shots. For the Leafs it was the first time they had been shut out all season. Worse still, they lost regular Goalie Mike Palmater for the rest of the playoffs with knee laser surgery. The rest of the playoffs, as it turned out, mirrored one more game. Reverting the away advantage, the Flyers eliminated the Maple Leafs 4-3 at Toronto in Game One. In Game Two, the Flyers won 3-1 to play. Then the Flyers lost to Boston 4-3 in overtime in home Saturday night in the opening game of their semifinal series. In Game One of the other semifinal, Montreal left behind New York 3-1 early in the second period in Billy Blain's second hit but took for the Islanders. Murray Wilson closed New York's lead to 3-2 with a second-period shot, and Islanders Guy Lafleur and Steve Shand scored within 2:00 of each other early in the final period to give the Canadiens a 4-3 triumph.

WHLA, Home ice was no advantage in the Winnipeg-San Diego series. Diego, having gone to two, with all games having been won by the home club. San Diego squared the series at home with a 3-1 victory on a wild, penalty field wrap. After eight San Diego Bobby Berntson pulled his team off the ice for 15 minutes. The Jets eliminated the Mariners 3-1 back in Winnipeg Saturday night. Houston scored Edmonton four games to one in the other Western quarterfinal. In the East, Quebec's Richard Brodeur shot out New England 3-0 as the Nordiques bounced the Whalers four games to one in the first game of the semifinal. Quebec beat Indianapolis 3-1.

HORSE RACING—Crowned SEATTLE SUE (\$3 300 won the \$100,000 World Memorial at Aqueduct by 30 lengths over Seabreeze. With Sean Crapet in the saddle, Karen Taylor's colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in a relatively time 1:49 1/4 (page 49).

FLAG OFFICER 156.60, under Lenka Ahrens, charged from last place to win the \$150,025 Blanton Derby at a 10-cup's Sportsman's Park by 3 1/2 lengths over Time Clock.

SOCCER—Surprising Fort Lauderdale, a perennial pick for last place in the N.A.S. Eastern Division, in one of three teams still undefeated. The Strikers beat Connecticut 3-1 on two goals by Tony Whelan. Dallas edged New York 2-1 to remain unbeaten. Los Angeles 10-0 scored one point ahead of the Toros in the Southern Division with a 2-1 victory over Portland in a shootout. Before a crowd of 17,061 in Spartan Stadium, San Jose defeated Seattle 2-0 for its first meeting after two defeats. The Sounders have not scored a goal in three games.

TENNIS—GUILLERMO VILAS topped Ric Nausea 6-2, 4-6, 4-2 in the Independent Players Association tournament in Virginia Beach, Va., earning \$32,000.

COBROAD BARAZZUTTI defeated Eddie Debbi 7-6 4-6 to take the WCT Charlotte Classic and \$30,000.

Top-ranked BORN BORG beat Bruce Garnick 7-5, 6-2 and rebounded to \$30,000 first prize check in the Grand Prix of Denver.

TRACK & FIELD—Canadian JEROME DRAYTON led a record field of 2,937 across the finish line in the Boston-Boston Marathon with a time of 2:14:46, nearly a full minute ahead of runner-up Veb Smith. MIKE GILMAN of Los Angeles (2:48:44) led the women.

MILWAUKEE—FRED TERRY SLATER, 38, as head coach of the NBA's Cincinnati Stingers, less than a week after Indianapolis moved the Stingers from the playoffs in four straight games. Slater's two-year record in Cincinnati was 34-81-6.

HIREL KEN MEYER, 31, as head coach of the San Francisco 49ers, replacing Monte Clark, who was fired two weeks ago. Meyer was an assistant with the 49ers in 1968 and the New York Jets from 1969 to 1972. He has been offensive coordinator for Los Angeles since 1973.

HIREL BILLIE MOORE, 33, coach of the U.S. silver medalist women's basketball team at the Montreal Olympics as the first full-time women's coach at UCLA. Moore coached at Cal State Fullerton for eight years, compiling a 140-17 record and placing third in the AIAW championships in 1973 and 1975.

HIREL LEWIS SCHAFTEL, 31, is general manager of the New Orleans Jazz. Schafel, who has been representing NBA players in contractual negotiations for seven years, succeeds Harry Mendelson, who was fired a month ago but now trains in business manager.

DIED WILLIAM ALLISON, 72, U.S. Open tennis champion in 1935, of a heart attack in Austin, Texas. Allison, a member of seven Davis Cup teams, coached at the University of Texas from 1937 to 1972.

CREDITS

22-23—Tony Trote 20—Stephen Hornup-Carnegie 5 Christopher Little-Carnegie 5 20-22—Art Zieg 20—Rogan Vachon 3 20—Stephen Norquist 20—George Long 20—Mark Delaney 20—Neil Lester 20—Jerry Givens 20—Galen Rowell 20—Jim Brodeur 20—Galen Rowell.

FACES IN THE CROWD

NINA PORTER
WILMINGTON, DE



Nina, now 16, won both the U.S. and Canadian 15-and-under squash championships. A sophomore at the Wilmington Friends school, she has not lost a match in four years of competition in the Philadelphia Inter-Club League.

STEVEN BUTLER
ORLANDO, FL



Steven, 21 months, recently became the youngest person known to have swum a quarter mile. Two months ago Steven, who has been swimming for more than a year, was away for 18 1/2 days (46 1/2%) paddled in Orlando's Central YMCA pool.

ROBIN CHICO
MICHIGAN



A junior at Miami (Ohio) University, Robin won four individual titles at the state collegiate wrestling championships—an unprecedented feat. Robin was the 100- and 200-pound heavyweight and the 200- and 400-pound individual middle.

CASSANDRA LITTLE
ANN ARBOR, MI



Cassandra, 15, led the Ann Arbor Junior High girls' basketball team to a 13-1 record for the second straight year. Cassandra, a 5'7" freshman who averaged 13 rebounds and 46.4 points, personally outscored A-B's opponents 603-599.

HAL HUDSON
MICHIGAN



Hudson, a 40-year-old astronomer, broke the National Masters power-lifting record in the 242-pound class by five pounds, with a total of 1,490 pounds. Hudson lifted 530 pounds on the full squat, 370 in the bench press and 590 in the dead lift.

TERRY WILLIAMS
MICHIGAN



At 15, Terry became the first high school freshman to win a Pennsylvania state wrestling championship since 1958. Competing at 155 pounds, Terry had a 29-0 record with 21 pins—both state records for a freshman. He has been wrestling four years.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

AUGUSTA GREEN

Sir,

Give a Green Coat to Drury Dan Jenkins for his great coverage of the Masters.

A. G. MORAN
Cincinnati

WHY BLAME JOET

Sir,

Monte Clark fired himself (*The Party Became a Lynching*, April 18). Why blame Joe Thomas, who offered Clark an extension of his contract as well as an increase in salary?

And for Joe Marshall to quote a long-time acquaintance as saying, "Joe's frustration is that he has never been able to duplicate Al Davis" is totally without regard for Thomas' great record in the NFL. Always a winner, Joe built a team that won two Super Bowls to one for Al Davis.

HERMAN L. WEISER
Pico Rivera, Calif.

CITING A SITE

Sir,

You have recognized a true sport in Stanley Marsh (*A Site for Tired Eyes*, April 18). Marsh's belief that relaxation need not be a form of competition is an important message to all of us. Even more important is the fact that Marsh shows us how to do it and have fun. Isn't that the fundamental element of sports? In this same issue Jack Nicklaus states that taking second place at the Masters was "fun, too." These men are both champions and so are we if we follow their example. And now, I plan to line my garden with my 11 broken tennis rackets.

DAN RYAN
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Sir,

I enjoyed Frank Deford's article, but I think perhaps he needs to have his eyes checked. He wrote that "not" consisted of "a yellow A, a red R and a blue T." The picture on page 87 shows, however, a red A, a yellow R and a blue T.

JEAN YAWORSKY
Auburn, N.Y.

PADDLED

Sir,

My phone started ringing shortly after your April 11 issue hit the stands with the article *Forest Hills Hilted*.

The calls were from irate paddle tennis players wanting to know what Mark Donovan meant by his statement that "Hilary Hilted stepped up to platform."

I must confess, I did not have the answer. "Possibly," I told them, "the fact that platform tennis is played on an elevated platform, hence, one would step up to reach the plat-

form—or maybe, due to the generous cash prizes of Tinbano, Donovan meant she was stepping up her income."

Surely he could not mean that platform tennis was a superior or more difficult game than paddle tennis. After all, Hilary and Anabelle Ling, two of our paddle tennis AAA players, after only a few weeks of practice, won the 1975 Platform Nationals, and Hilary repeated in 1977. It is highly improbable that two platform players, after only a few weeks' practice, could win any of our paddle tennis national events.

HENRY C. DUNHAM
President
American Paddle Tennis League
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir,

Having always believed a "winner" must be willing to go one step further, I am about to take mine by suggesting that you retitlle Mark Donovan's article.

Platform tennis is a team sport, as yet, there is no singles competition. Winning comes not merely from the combined talents of the partners, but, more importantly, their camaraderie on and off the court.

It was Louise Gengler, my partner, who got me to the championships by, more times than not, showing me a lot of heart when I couldn't hit my hat. I know it doesn't read as well, but how about *The Forest Hills Gengler*?

HILARY HILTON
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

PLAY IT AGAIN

Sir,

The article on Sam Pollick (*I Would You Buy a Used Hockey Player from This Man?*, April 18) should be required reading for all sports executives. Those who feel that the way to success is through mortgaging the future for the present or by buying what appears to be an instant winner have won only a few championships. Their policies have decreased competitive balance, exorbitantly increased players' salaries and have driven ticket prices almost beyond the reach of the average fan. In other words, George Allen has never won a championship, but Sam Pollick has won eight.

MARK WEISS
Seattle

OGOD SHGW

Sir,

I would like to give you a rousing good show for your table tennis article (*One for All, but Not All for One*, April 18). For too long the sport of table tennis has been neglected by SI, and it's good to see some cov-

erage for this fine sport. Here's hoping that this article will be the first of many on table tennis.

As you are doubtlessly aware, there are few sports in which pre-teen-agers, people over 70 and people of both sexes and all ages can compete in head-to-head competition. Table tennis is such a game, and the pursuit of it can lead to countless hours of enjoyment and competition. As an avid table tennis player, I'll be looking forward to future SI coverage of my favorite sport.

ROBIN K. BURR
Aurora, Okla.

BRIDGE SCANDAL (CONT.)

Sir,

Thank you for publishing something about the Katz-Cohen affair (*It Wasn't All in the Cards*, April 11). The two major bridge publications in the U.S., the *American Contract Bridge League's Bulletin* and *The Bridge World*, have had very little to say about it other than that the pair withdrew and subsequently resigned from the ACBL.

As a bridge player, I know that if I were accused of improper conduct, I would fight the accusation through the highest appeals level in the ACBL, and take it to court if necessary. I might not win, but I sure wouldn't roll over and play dead.

STEVEN M. TYER
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir,

It's no wonder somebody filed a \$44 million lawsuit. The guy at the bottom of page 22 is holding 15 cards. Now that's an advantage!

And although it's not as easy to count, his partner seems to have one or two more than the customary 13.

Not only that, your artist failed to show how many cards the two other guys at the table are holding. This is one trial I wouldn't miss!

GARY ROLLINS
Houston

HACK AND THE HALL

Sir,

I was interested to see that Hack Wilson via Mark Kram, in *Why Ain't I in the Hall?* (April 11), recalled winning the National League's Most Valuable Player award in 1930. The record books do not show this, which is just one more example of the way baseball has slighted Wilson.

For several years the leagues themselves made the MVP awards, but for some reason they dropped the practice, the American League in 1929 and 1930, the National League in 1930, before the Baseball Writers Association

continued

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19TH HOLE (continued)

ation took over responsibility for the awards in 1931. Thus, no National League MVP appears in the books for 1930, the only gap from 1924 to the present day. Yet that year, James Cagneyberry, a Chicago sportswriter, asked eight baseball writers, one from each of the cities then in the league, to vote on an MVP. Wilson won by a wide margin. But because it was an unofficial tabulation, Wilson's selection has been consistently ignored. What a shame.

R. M. Gordon
Philadelphia

Sir:

Agreed, Hack Wilson's career would seem to merit his installation in the Hall of Fame, and Mark Kram's excellent piece was mainly on the mark—and timely.

However, Mr. Kram should have noted that in 1930, the season during which Wilson compiled his most memorable offensive statistics (190 RBIs, 56 HRs, .356 batting average), including the RBI record about which Kram had Wilson quoting Babe Ruth in heaven saying, "They ain't never going to get," a new, energized baseball was introduced into major league play.

The "live" ball was introduced during that most disagreeable of Depression years to generate more offense, more runs and, presumably, more interest in baseball during a period when a pair of grandstand tickets represented a remote luxury. That the new ball was responsible for the inordinate number of offensive achievements that year is, I think, clear.

So, let's put Hack in the Hall, where he surely belongs, but also remember that his greatest season occurred in the year of an experimental ball, the single greatest offensive year in history.

DAVID L. MCNARY
Member
Society of American Baseball Research
Brea, Calif.

Sir:

Your fantasy on Hack Wilson was beautifully done, a bracingly compelling defense for his being in the Hall of Fame. Somewhere in his Valhalla, Hack is smiling and so is Joseph Pulitzer at such a monumental article.

Hack was my childhood hero, and I cried for him in 1929 and again after reading Mark Kram's masterpiece.

JOHN R. VAN KIRK
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

According to Mark Kram, Hack Wilson didn't know where he got his nickname. When I was a boy I was told that "Hack" was short for George Hackenschmidt, an immensely broad champion wrestler of the early years of the century. A powerfully built catcher named George Gibson, who played for the Pirates for many years and later managed them, was sometimes referred to as Hackenschmidt Gibson (Ring Lardner called him that in one

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

of his early baseball reports), or Hack for short. Whether Wilson was named Hack after Gibson or directly for Hackenschmidt, I don't know, but I'd bet anything that's where the nickname came from.

FRED WATTS
Vineland, N.J.

Sir:

Herman Long is a shortstop who absolutely ought to be in the Hall of Fame, but there are at least two others from that dimly remembered era who should join Long in Cooperstown. Jack Glasscock played 17 seasons in the National League from 1879 to 1895 and was the league's best shortstop throughout the 1880s. Bill Dahlen, whose career ran from 1891 to 1911, played more than 2,100 games at short and was outstanding Tommy Corcoran, Ed McKean and George Davis were three other crackjack shortstops of that period whose reputations were obscured and forgotten when Honus Wagner came along.

MARTIN J. COLEMAN
New York City

FIDRICH FOR 35 OUT

Sir:

Fans are getting fed up with constant bickering between owners and players regarding contracts and bonuses.

Why not write contracts that have a standard pay scale for all players. All contracts to be for one year only, no bonuses to be paid to any player. A rookie would be paid \$20,000 for his first year, with a maximum increase of \$15,000 for each year he remains with the club. When a player is traded or sold, his salary would remain the same for that season. The club to which he is traded could not increase his salary, nor could it pay a bonus to a player who has jumped his club. This pay scale would have more than enough takers and attendance would increase, as it would not be necessary to rip off the fan for a ticket.

JOSEPH J. REISING
Franklin, Ky.

SHAKESIT

Sir:

In your article on Gary Simmons and other professional hockey goaltenders (*Reluctant and Rituals*, March 28), Simmons conjectures that the cobra strikes faster than the diamondback rattler. It is a matter of record that the rattler can, and does, strike about 10 times as fast as the cobra, which is relatively slow-moving.

ALLAN J. RYAN, M.D.
Editor-in-Chief
The Physician and Sportsmedicine
Minneapolis

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